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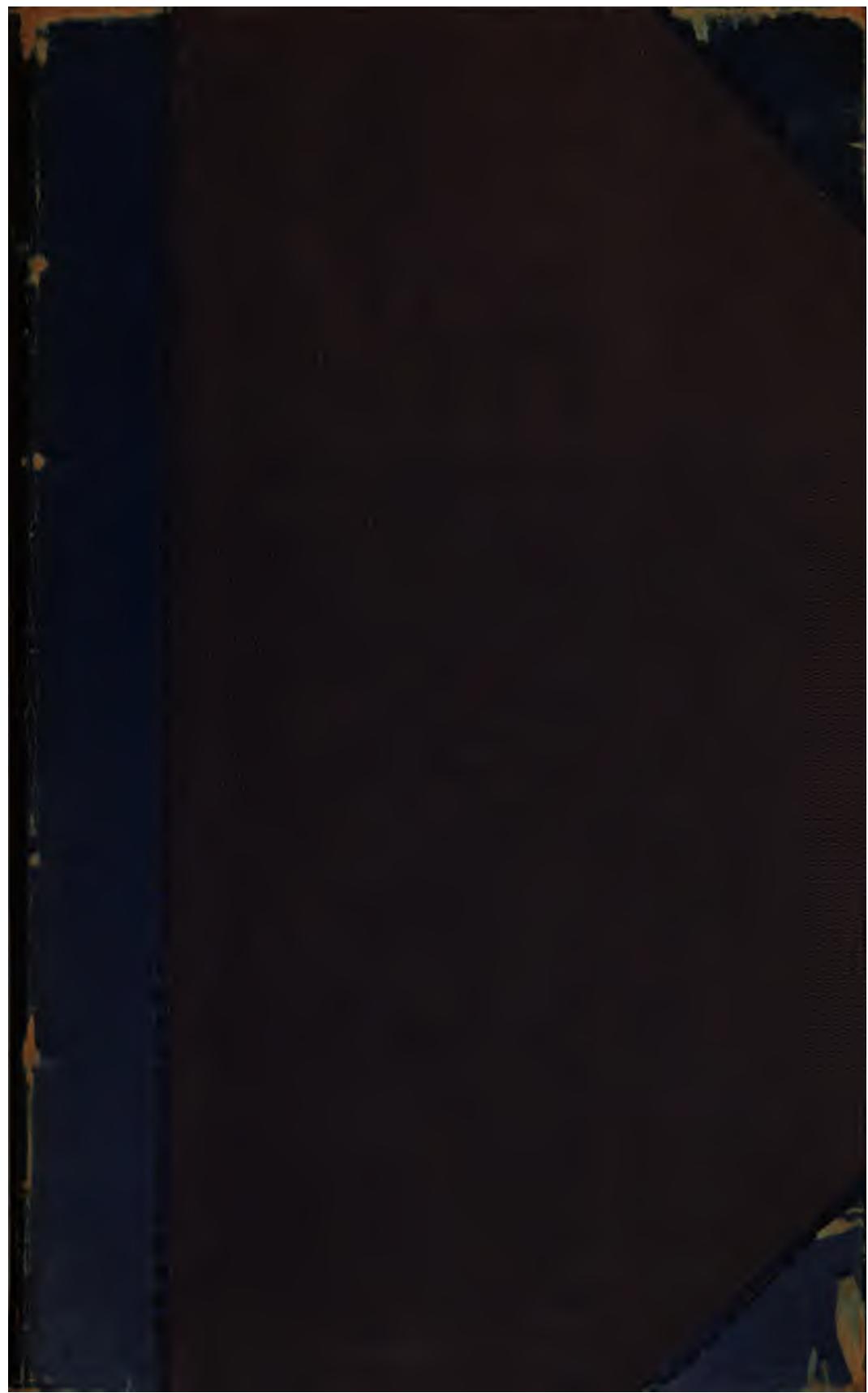
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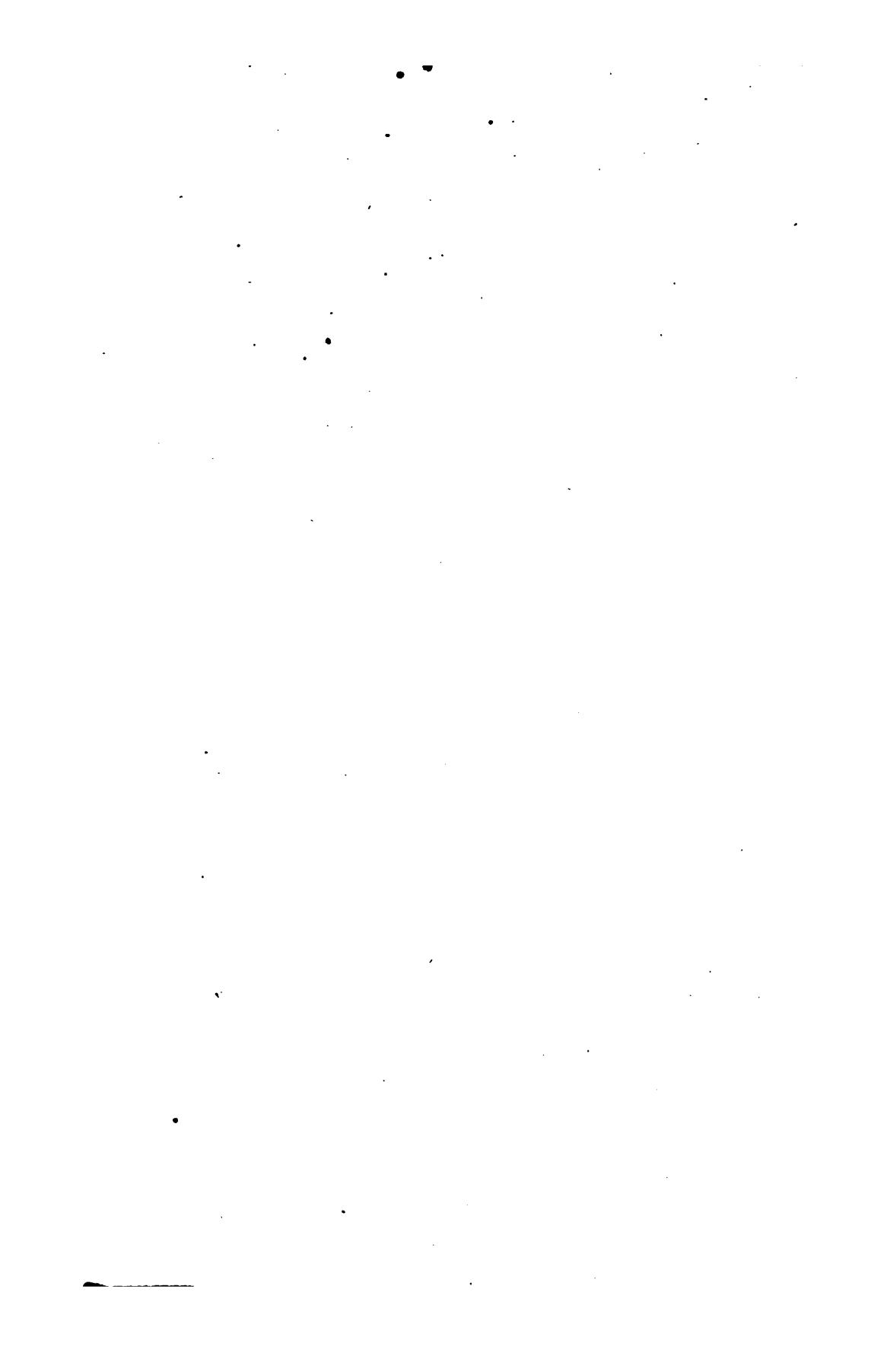
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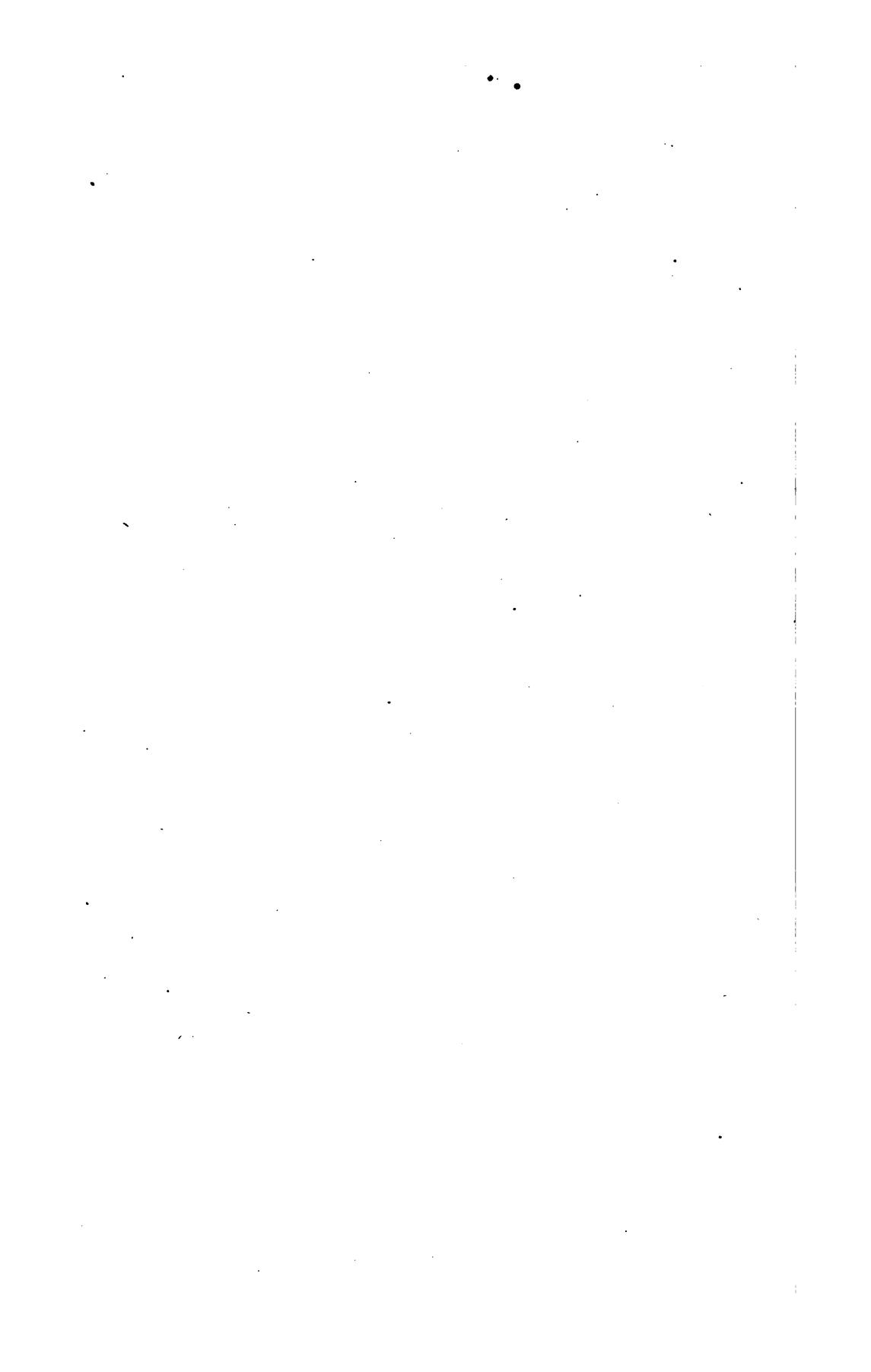




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James Watson
taken at the age of Thirty.



Printed from stone, at Ridge Bu.
August 1820.

THE SPIRIT
OF
THE DOCTOR;
COMPRISING
Many Interesting Poems;
SELECTED FROM
THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
OF THE
Late MR. JAMES WATSON,

Formerly Librarian of the Portico, in Manchester; and commonly called

DOCTOR WATSON.

Sic vita erat; facile omnes perferre ac pati;
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sece dedere,
Coram obsequi studiis: aduersus nemini:
Nunquam preponens se alli. ——TER.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A Lithographic Portrait of the Doctor,

WITH A SHORT MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE:

And various Anecdotes relative to Him —

AFTER, AND TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED

THE HUMORS OF TRIM.

“ Every thing in this world is big with jest, and has wit in it,
“ And instruction too—if we can but find it out.” ——STERNE.

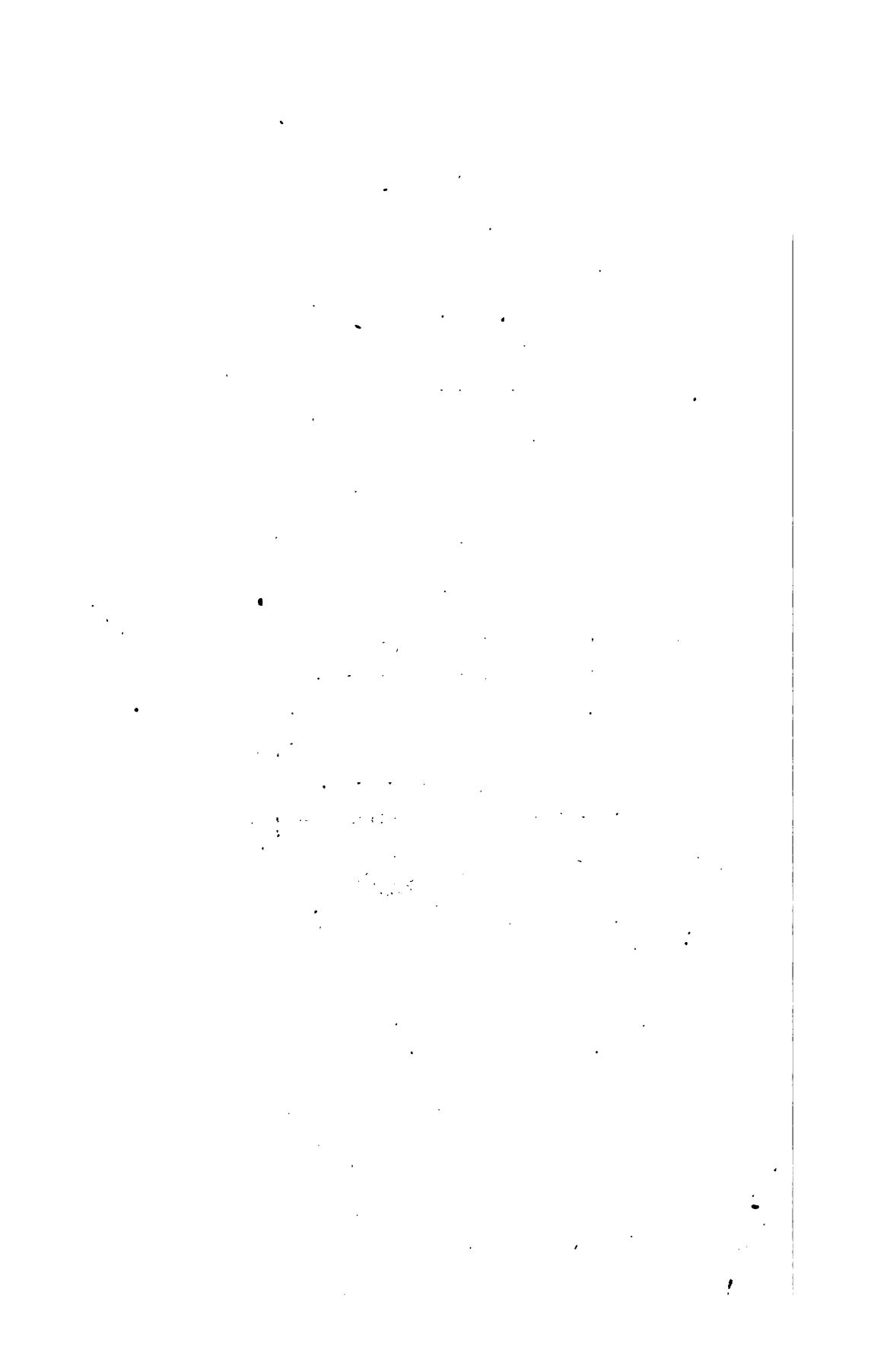


MANCHESTER:

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Preface.

PREJUDICE is the greatest enemy human judgment has to contend with—the professed foe of candour and impartiality. It is sure to stare us in the face, whenever we call our judgment into exercise—where ourselves are parties, either by interest or friendship; and it is no easy matter to overcome it, even by REASON, where *self* is in the question. The sources of prejudice are two-fold: namely, *the natural uncharitableness of the human heart, and the natural imperfection of the understanding*;—but the modifications of this evil are various, according to time, place, and circumstance; whilst its ramifications are innumerable. Thus vanity, or self-importance, interest, friendship, envy, hatred, malice, *and all uncharitableness*, with such varieties as—caprice, whim, and conceit, are capable of drawing in their numerous train, are all of them at times, subservient to the purposes of prejudice, and form so many branches or ramifications of this same evil. Amongst the *most frivolous* of all the various modifications of *prejudice*,

“the grounds of my own opinion ; and to dis-
“cover any error in my principles or conduct.”

“But convinced of the many evils which
“have flowed from party attachment, I have
“considered, always, *the merits of the measure*
“*itself which was under discussion—and not the*
“*person from whom it came.*”

A BRIEF
Memoir of the Life
OF
MR. JAMES WATSON,
COMMONLY CALLED
DOCTOR WATSON.

THERE are few subjects which create a more general interest, or attain a fairer point of distinction, in the scale of Literature, than the Lives of Men who have rendered themselves remarkable,—either by eccentric habits, or a peculiar order of wit: yet, if these subjects be not conducted with some portion of skill, and a larger degree of impartiality, they cannot possibly produce, in the mind of an ordinary reader, any other effect, than dissatisfaction; nor any other feeling, in the mind of a judicious one, than that of the most absolute disgust.—If the *contour*, or outline, of a picture, were disproportionately drawn, the finest touches of the pencil would, afterwards, be unavailing, to conceal its original deformity. It holds precisely the same, with the Memoir of an extraordinary Person's Life: if the design be coarse, or irregular, the most delicate and orderly execution is of little or no consequence. A just and natural proportion is vitally essential, in all productions; in Statuary, as in

Painting ; in Poetry, as in Prose. Nor ought the *Biographer* of an *Individual* to be less scrupulous, on the score of impartiality, than the *Historian* of an *Empire*.

Of the sprightly and ingenious, yet truly unfortunate Man—whose mode of life has often been the theme of pity—whose late untimely death is now the subject of a generous regret—the following brief Portraiture is humbly submitted to the world ; under an assurance, however, that none but the most inveterate Cynics (a class of beings who find a cruel pleasure, in surveying all human imperfections,) will condemn the *Painter*, if he have cast into shade such *little traits*, as could only have served to crowd the canvass ; and, thereby, diminish the strength of the more *prominent ones*.

MR. JAMES WATSON, the second son of John and Martha Watson, was born in Manchester, in the year 1775. To gratify the curiosity of those who may wish to be informed of such matters, it may be necessary to mention, that the house of his birth (a building which has something of the *antique* about it) stands in Booth-street, Tib-lane, next door but one to the Buck-Tavern.—His father, a respectable Apothecary, came, originally, from Darwen, near Blackburn ; and settling in Manchester, opened a Medical Dispensary, in Hanging-Ditch ; in which situation he continued, with tolerable success, till the time of his death ; which happened, while the subject of the present Memoir was yet a very young man.

Scarcely had little JEMMY attained his fourth year, when he was placed under the immediate tutorage of Mrs. Penny ; a decent old school-mistress, but a rigid disciplinarian,—whose residence was in Half-street, near

the Collegiate Church ; where, he has frequently informed the Writer, he well remembered to have played “a world of *misery, pranks,*”—How long he remained with this matronly professor of the rod and alphabet, is a matter of uncertainty : this, however, is unquestionable—that, in process of time, he was removed to the late Mr. Byron’s English Academy, in the neighbourhood of Deansgate ; and afterwards entered at the Manchester Free Grammar-School ; but from which, it is to be regretted, he was abruptly taken away, before he had made any considerable progress in the Latin Tongue ; for the purpose of being apprenticed to Mr. James Higginson, fustian-manufacturer, of Peel-Hall, near “Poor Dicks,” and in the township of Little Hulton.—Agreeably to the date of the Indenture, poor WATSON’s *bondage* (for otherwise than *bondage* it could not have been, to his *free* mind !) actually commenced on the first of May, 1789.

With what sort of temper, he endured the pressure of three weary years, (the term of his apprenticeship)—chained down, as it were, to a laborious business,—the germs of that vivacious talent which rendered his society of all times agreeable, then bursting into birth ; I say, with what kind of sufferance, he plodded through a servitude of three tedious years,—those who knew the man,—who were not strangers to his constitutional indolence, (which was nothing more than a *natural loss of ease,*) may readily enough conceive. Be that as it will, the Writer has been credibly assured, that the period of his apprenticeship was faithfully completed ; at the expiration of which, he returned to Manchester ; and, shortly afterwards, was introduced to the notice of a cotton-factor ; who, I believe, conferred upon him the office of book-

keeper. This situation he retained, till the time of his father's demise; but no sooner was Mrs. Martha Watson reduced to a state of widowhood, than she took her volatile son to herself; and having imbibed, from her late husband, a pretty clear knowledge of Pharmacy, the *gallant YORICK* (possibly, for prudential reasons,) was immediately initiated, by her, in the mysteries of that art. It soon, however, became evident—(too evident, alas! for the old lady's peace,) that the *golden chimes* produced by a mortar and pestle, afforded less pleasure to the ear of her reckless *Tyro*, than the *unprofitable jingle* of verse;—for he not only began to scràpe acquaintance with the works of the best English Poets, (particularly, with those of the immortal *Shakespeare*!) but also to invoke the Muse, on his own account; who, occasionally, condescended to oblige him with an irregular Sonnet, a wild Ballad, or a humourous Epigram.

About the same time, he grew violently enamoured of the Drama; and, in a very short space, found himself a leading Member of a Private-Theatre, or Spouting-Club; which was held at the *King's Head*, in Salford, but afterwards removed to the *Falstaff-Tavern*, in the Market-place, Manchester.—The first character he attempted, was *Dick*, in *Murphy's "Apprentice."* On this occasion, he furnished a Poetical Address; the tenor of which was, to supplicate the clemency of the audience, towards the maiden Essay of (what he pronounced himself to be) "*A young Apothecary.*" That the petition was kindly received, and the Actor as warmly applauded, cannot be doubted; since we find the *Doctor* (a title by which he was generally known, and usually accosted,) more than strenuously engaged in Private Theatricals, for several years after,—and equally devoted to the *buskin*, as the *sock*.

By virtue of his peculiar turn of fancy, the inoffensive vivacity of his manner, and the happy adroitness of his wit, he acquired a considerable degree of popularity; insomuch, that the very name of "*the little DOCTOR*" was often sufficient, to rouse the sober visage of speculative discretion into smiles,—and lend a lively cast even to the jaundiced face of brooding Melancholy. To say the truth, his fellowship was earnestly sought after,—not only by the social, but the reserved; not merely by the devotee of careless mirth, but by the votary of rational thought.

Amangst other boon companions, he contracted an intimacy with several Actors, by profession; particularly with that distinguished tragedian, the late George Frederick Cooke, Esq.; whose extraordinary talents secured to him the applause of thousands,—while his licentious habits were quoted as so many examples of the fallibility of human excellence,—and, consequently, admitted to serve as an excuse, for the transgressions of those to whom nature had been less indulgent.

With this gentleman, and other Wits of the same feather, he freely consorted; and addicted himself, as a matter of course, to most, if not all, of their excesses.—A young man's pride is easily flattered; and to be received into the friendship of one so pre-eminently gifted as Cooke, must, no doubt, have been a pleasurable reflection to poor WATSON.—I would not, however, be understood as offering this by way of apology, for his exceeding the bounds of temperance, in order to maintain that friendship; yet, I really think, there are few men who would not have endeavoured to preserve it—even

at the expence of a larger fund of prudence, than the DOCTOR was ever master of.

Notwithstanding his natural levity of spirit, and habitual fondness for gay company, YORACK had, still, his hours of solitude; which were chiefly dedicated to the pursuits of Literature. Nor did his heart, with all its ammunition of humour, laugh the archery of the *subtile deity* to scorn;—for we find him, at several times, addressing, in “a woful ballad,” his *Caroline*, his *Margaret*, and his *Hannah*,—his *Chloe*, his *Josephine*, and his *Ann*: a plain proof, that the citadel was frequently besieged,—and as frequently capitulated—let us hope, on honourable terms.

To the *drudgery* of compounding medicines, he seldom or never submitted; but left that point almost entirely to the management of his mother; who, more than once, had the strongest occasion to assert her parental authority,—to admonish him, by reason of his extravagant affection for unrestrained liberty,—and to reproach him, for his extreme indolence, and utter aversion to business.—In these discreet reprebussions, and virulent rebukes, she was commonly supported by a female cousin-german of his,—who acted in the house, as *servant of all work*; a province which her education had no reason to quarrel with.—Though this person who is now living, was really in possession of an indifferently fair stock of the commodity, called—*good-nature*,—yet, she rendered herself, by an insupportable *sullenness of temper*, so purely offensive to her facetious kinsman,—as to induce him, on that very account, discourteously to confer upon her, the *ungracious nickname* of “*DISMAL*!” which *sorrowful* appellation, amongst his more familiar friends, she bears to this day.

His reputation as a *Wit*, was now at its apex ; and his "flashes of merriment" (except by the rigid order of *impenetrable* philosophers, who have a sort of rooted antipathy to *PUNSTERS*, and their *pleasantries*,) were generally welcomed, with smiles,—and applauded, with peals of the most cordial laughter.

"Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!"

From a thorough persuasion of his superior abilities, Mr. Wm. Cowdroy, the present Proprietor of the "Manchester-Gazette," with a liberality, at once creditable to his judgment and his heart, engaged him in selecting, from the various repositories of Genius, ethical and amusing tales, &c. ; for a work which he entitled—" *The Gleaner; or Entertainment for the Fire-side.*" This compilation (the materials of which were, for the most part, selected with taste, and ingeniously disposed,) was published periodically, in numbers; and had an uncommonly rapid and extensive circulation.

In the year 1804, from a marvellous paucity of good *Actors*, at the Theatre-Royal, Manchester,—occasioned by the *crooked policy of a parsimonious management*,—the DOCTOR obligingly gave to the World a weekly Stage-Review, under the title of " *The Townsman.*" This pamphlet, at the time, was in the hands of half the town ; a convincing testimony of its merit. Indeed, his criticisms, if not profound, were at least extremely forcible and acute, —and seasoned throughout with a *palatable candour* ; a spice, by the way, which is rarely to be met with in more elaborate journals, of the same nature.—In the course of the following year, he planned, and composed, two or three acts of, an *original Tragedy* ; the plot of which

was taken from a celebrated modern Novel,—I believe, one of Mrs. Smith's. But this imperfect offspring of his Muse, he foolishly destroyed; whether at the instigation of laziness, or through a want of becoming confidence in his own powers, is altogether questionable.

When the PORTICO, in Mosley-street, (a structure which had long been wanted, in this opulent and improving town,) was completed,—MR. WATSON, by a select committee of the proprietors, was nominated to the Librarianship; an office which his ardent attachment to, and general knowledge of books, rendered doubly acceptable: and, before he had been established in this situation any great length of time, his worthy and industrious mother,—who was now well stricken in years,—departed peaceably from the world. Her trifling effects (consisting chiefly of household furniture, drugs, and medical utensils,) were converted into money, for the equal benefit of himself and a younger brother,—who, afterwards, emigrated to London; where, it is said, he now resides.

For several years, the Doctor conducted himself, at the PORTICO, with more regularity and decorum, than might probably have been expected from him; and was greatly esteemed by the whole body of proprietors; to many of whose houses he received repeated invitations, of which he usually availed himself; and seldom omitted, on these occasions, by his brilliant sallies of wit, “*to set the table on a roar!*”—However, his former whimsical habits returning upon him, he grew exceedingly remiss in discharging the duties of his office; absented himself from the Library,—first, for many hours in the day; then, for several days in the week; and, afterwards, for two or three weeks in the month; till, ultimately, from a com-

consciousness of error, he was ashamed to return at all,—thought he had been specially advised by a number of his friends, who possessed no inconsiderable influence, to face the committee at all hazards,—and they would freely exert every nerve towards his reinstatement. But counsel and entreaty proving alike ineffectual,—the post, as a natural consequence, was given to another.

Thus, poor WATSON, by a blind and obstinate imprudence, was thrown at large upon "*this naughty world*,"—with little more than "*his good spirits, to feed and clothe him!*"—Indeed, every whit of the temporal property he then held, was speedily squandered; when Mr. Henry Race, of Altrincham, pitying his late improvidence, and observing the gloomy prospect before him,—*(not to mention the knowledge he possessed of his talents,)*—kindly invited him to his Boarding-school; and appointed him Under, in the English department.—Here, he lived at perfect ease,—was temperate, diligent, and sedate,—and, apparently, beyond the reach of temptation; till a party of thoughtless beings (whom he fondly imagined his *friends*, but who were, in effect, his worst of *enemies*,) began to make frequent excursions to Altrincham, for the purpose of seeing him.—During one of these visits, after pledging him in a preparative bottle, they took his ill-defended prudence by *stratagem*—or *surprise*; and knowing well his passionate regard for what he humourously called—“*a jollification*,” deluded him to Manchester; where, meeting with various old *Chums*, he fell imperceptibly into his former excesses; and remained so long an *absentee*, that the same sense of shame, which would not allow him to appear before his masters, at the PORTICO, prevented his return to Altrincham: and thus, the gay, the witty—yet incautious WATSON, was again—and *for ever*—despotic of a home!

From this time forth, his fortune, by rapid gradations, became more and more unhappy.—To trace him through the course of his latter life—to enumerate, and dwell upon, his respective sufferings—(sufferings which he himself was the last person in the world to bewail)—would be a task of too—too much pain!—a task, which the Writer has neither the ability, nor the heart, to undertake.

How would the generous Reader lament—to what pitch would the chord of his finer feelings be raised—how would that chord vibrate with pity—if he were told, that this poor—and (suffer me to add,) inoffensive Man—was many times, while in the midst of mirth—mirth, which his own “beamy wit” had engendered—craving—but not *asking, food*?—and that he knew not, when departing from the several assemblies he had thus delighted, where to seek a place of repose?—Yet, all this is true—mournfully true!—Like the ill-starred DERMODY, or the more unfortunate SAVAGE, often was he compelled, by hard necessity, to wander the cheerless and deserted streets, throughout “the dead waste of night,”—and in the most inclement season of the year—pinched with hunger, and benumbed with cold!—Often, in the darkest hour, has he tremblingly climbed over the palisades which invest the church of St. Peter,—to obtain, beneath its inhospitable Portico, a shelter from the wind and rain!—Here, with no companion, but reflection—with no covering, but his own apparel—with no other pillow, than that which a *cold step, or column's base,* afforded—the miserable YORICK often lay—

“Till morning dawn'd upon the drowsy world.”

To him, a narrow bench in the meanest tavern, was a couch of down; and so familiar did this abject mode of resting become, that he has sometimes been known to refuse the offer of a comfortable bed, for *a line of chairs, and a good fire!*

The cold hand of charity he seldom solicited: his indigence was manifest; and, in the wide circle of his acquaintance, he occasionally met with a friend, by whom he was supplied with a few pieces of silver, a dinner, or a necessary article of dress.—Many of his solitary moments were, no doubt, devoted to bitter retrospection, and thoughts on his then hapless condition; but his social hours (and those were not a few) appeared to be dedicated entirely to the service of pleasure. To say the truth, in company, he was the same *merry wag*, as formerly; still catching at every little incident, or trifling expression, to break a jest upon: nay, in spite of his wants, his good-humour lost not a feather. If he had sorrow within, he betrayed it not—

“ But let concealment, like a worm i’th’ bud,
Feed on his gallant heart !”

During these years of wretched dependence, he occasionally employed himself in selecting *criticisms, anecdotes, trifles in verse, &c.* from old magazines, and newspapers; and of these formed several *Scrap-Books*,—which he readily sold, amongst his common friends, for a Guinea, or a couple of Guineas, each. He also contributed, now and then, to our sundry weekly Journals; was principally concerned in “ *The Manchester-Magazine*;” and, about the same time, issued out a well-written Proposal, relative to a volume of selected Poetry,—which he intended to publish by subscription, under the title of “ *The Poetic Glea-*

ster; or the Beauties of the British Birds;" but this design, for some cause or other, was afterwards relinquished.

Without any other *passport* than his wit,—it was his custom to wander, alternately, to different villages, in the neighbourhood of Manchester; for the purpose of visiting such of his rustic friends, as he promised himself would hang out the banner of welcome: and in these persuasions, he was seldom disappointed.

His final ramble (a fatal one, alas!) was to Didsbury; where, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of June, 1826, he was unhappily drowned, in the River Mersey. His remains were not discovered till the twenty-eighth of the same month; on the evening of which day, they were privately, yet with becoming decency, interred in the village church-yard, under the immediate direction of George Webster, and Ralph Andrews, Esqrs.; who voluntarily defrayed all expences incurred on the occasion; an act of humanity, which redounds greatly to their honour.

Thus ended the life and misfortunes of the lamented WATSON.

“Who was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again!”

If it be disputed, that he was endued with that creative faculty of the soul, which

“gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation, and a name;”

it cannot surely be denied, that he was

“A fellow of infinite jest! of most excellent fancy!”

To the spoiled favourites of fortune, the palm of merit is often unjustly awarded; while the ill-fated sons of Genius, in spite of the noblest efforts, are suffered to languish, in obscurity and want.

“ Ah! who can tell, how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame’s proud Temple shines, afar?

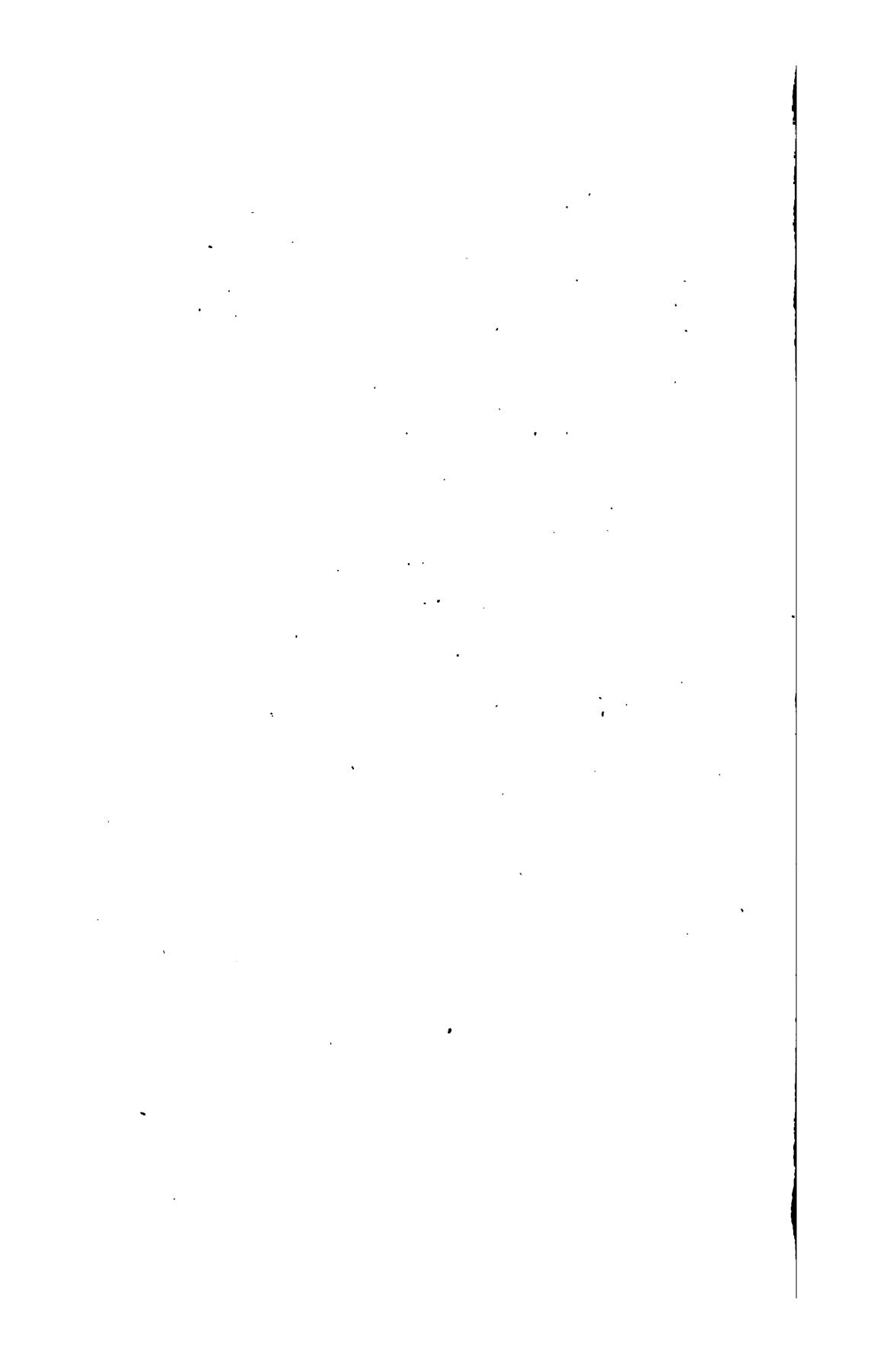
Ah! who can tell, how many a soul sublime,
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,---
And wag’d with Fortune an eternal war:

Check’d by the scoff of Pride, by Envy’s frown,
And Poverty’s unconquerable Bar,---

In Life’s low vale, remote, hath pin’d alone,---
Then, drop’d into the Grave---unpitied, and unknown?”

D. W. P.

Hulme, August 1, 1820.



THE SPIRIT
OF
THE DOCTOR.

Anecdotes, and Bon Mots.

THE Doctor, when a mere boy, frequently amused himself, during his hours of freedom from the discipline of Mrs. Penny, his old school-mistress, (whom he punningly called—a *cankered PENNY!*) in imitating the gait, voice, and action, of different clergymen.—With a large white apron tied about him, after the manner of a surplice, he was sometimes observed walking to and fro with great solemnity,—and muttering several disjointed sentences from the Liturgy; at other, was heard sermonizing, *most eloquently*, from a washing-tub,—which he had ingeniously metamorphosed into a pulpit; and was often known (God save the mark!) to join two women in the bands of matrimony!!

STRONG symptoms of *the itch of punning* (a disorder which infested him through life) began to presen

themselves, at a very early age.—While his father was, one day, employed in drawing out Christmas Accounts, the DOCTOR, overlooking him, said—“ Father, how very like Apothecaries are to *snipes* ! ” “ Why so, Boy ? ” asked the senior: “ Because,” replied the Wag, “ they have *thick heads* —and *long bills* ! ”—The old gentleman, being of too grave a temperament to relish jokes of any description,—and taking, it would seem, a violent distaste to the *drift* of the present one,—instantly started from his seat, and knocked his delinquent-son to the floor.

WHEN he resided at Peel-Hall, as the apprentice of James Higginson, one Mr. Parker, a school-master, was a boarder in the same house. With this gentleman, he had frequent conversations, on the subject of Shakespeare's Writings; and often neglected his vocation, to “ cast one longing—ling'ring look” at a speech, or sentiment, of the divine Bard's. He once absented himself from the Hall, for two days and two nights; and, after a tedious search, was discovered in a ruinous building, at no great distance; with Shakespeare in one hand, and the remains of a portion of bread and cheese (with which he had previously furnished himself,) in the other. On his return to the house, his Master rated him in pretty severe terms; when the DOCTOR, by way of excuse, declared—that his sole motive for deserting his post, was, that he might read the Plays of the immortal Poet, *without interruption*.

AFTER his father's death, he was in the habit of tripping occasionally from his mother's Dispensary, to the house of the late Mr. Cowdroy, in Hunter's-lane; in or-

des to enjoy a short confabulation with his facetious friend, on theatrical, or literary topics. On one of these occasions, Mrs. Cowdroy met him at the door,—and ushering him into a room, hastily desired him *to take a chair*. The Doctor, incited by one of his fanciful humours, immediately *took* Mrs. C. *at her word*; and seizing the first *chair* at hand, threw it across his shoulder, and hurried out of the house,—to the utter amazement of that lady; who really imagined, that he was affected with a sudden phrensy.

HIS mother once bade him, while dinner was serving up, to *whet* the carving-knife; but the old Gentlewoman, being an inflexible adherent to the pronunciation of the old school, did not think proper to aspirate the letter *h*, in the word *whet*. The Doctor, like a dutiful son, directly obeyed the command,—caught hold of the knife, in a twinkling,—and dipping it in a Jug of water, delivered it, with an obsequious bow, to his astonished mother. “Why, you whimsical puppy!” quoth she; “do you call this *whetting* a knife?” “Certainly, mother.”—“What! *sharpening* it?—” “No, mother!—you did not ask me to *whet* the knife, but to *wet* it!—I have done so.”

THE Doctor had a *hat* in reserve, at a certain book-seller's, in the market-place; and, by these means, very frequently hoodwinked his mother. He would sometimes leave the dispensary early in the morning, *without a covering to his head*; and return, when the day was far worn, *precisely in the same state*. The common question

OF the old lady was—"So, sir! whether have you been rambling?" and the DOCTOR as commonly replied—"Rambled, mother? how could I ramble, without hat?—I've merely been in the neighbourhood!"

SHE had often occasion to reprove him, for keeping late hours. The DOCTOR, to avoid the sin of uttering an *absolute* falsehood, hit upon the following *notable* device:—chalking the numbers 10 and 11, on either side of the door-case, he always declared—that he regularly *came in between* TEN and ELEVEN! let the hour be ever so untimely—and in this he could not be contradicted; as his Mother constantly retired to rest soon after nine.

WHEN a child, he unfortunately lost the sight of his *left eye*, by convulsions; but this was not *visible* to a common observer: indeed, many who knew that he had *foibles*, were utter strangers to his having, *literally*, a *blindside*.—A gentleman who had been informed of this particular, falling into his company, said, in the course of conversation—"I understand, Mr. Watson, you have *lost* your *left eye*?"—"Yes," replied the DOCTOR; "but it is very well, that the *right's left*!"

ONE scorching day in Summer, as WATSON and two of his friends were walking to Stockport, they observed, on the road before them, an old beggar and his wife. In a short time, the ancient mendicant took the *offal-satchel*

from his own back, and slung it, without ceremony, over the shoulder of his yokemate. "There!" cried WATSON; "there's a happy fellow, for you!—He has got rid of his care, in good earnest!" "How so?" inquired one of his friends. "How so?" quoth the Doctor; "why, don't you see—that he has given his wife the BAG?"

AMONGST his other qualifications, he had an extremely happy memory; and would often, if desired, pronounce a line, or sentence, from his favourite poet, completely applicable to what a person was doing or saying. He was once roused from his bed, at an early hour, by an intimate friend; and, whilst in the act of huddling on his trowsers, was desired to produce something from Shakespeare, which would elucidate what he was *then* about. Without a moment's deliberation, he exclaimed, with *Henry the Fifth*—

"Once more unto the Breach, dear friends!—once more!"

INDEED, such was the peculiar construction of his retentive faculties, that, with very little labour, he could commit to memory page after page of prose or verse; which he would recite at pleasure, and very correctly. What is still more remarkable, that which he had once treasured up, was never permitted to escape. There was scarcely any Poem in the English Language, or notable speech in any of the Plays of his beloved Shakespeare, of which he did not remember by much the greater part; and frequently, a line or couplet, given as a *cue*, would be sufficient to elicit the whole, or the better moiety, of the Poem or Speech, which he might be desired to recite. In

On another occasion, *Jesus*, the *Divine*, was complaining to the *Doctor*, that the ashes of the dead should be so frequently trampled upon, by *inhallowed feet*—“This church-yard, the cemetery of the Collegiate Church,” said he, “must be enclosed; and we shall want a lot of *railing*.”—To this, the *Doctor* archly replied: “That cannot be, *Jesus*—as there’s *railing* enough in the church, *deily*.”

DURING one of the annual Performances of *Astley’s* Troop of Equestrians, at our Theatre-Royal, a new pantomimic Entertainment, or Melo Drama, intitled “*The Secret Mine*,” was produced; in which, magnificent scenery and parade of dress seemed to contend, for the mastery. At this time, as a further attraction to public attention, the celebrated *Mr. Richer* was engaged, to exhibit and perform his inimitable feats of art and skill upon the tight-rope.—The *Doctor*, who happened to attend the Theatre, one evening, during the run of this piece, was leaving the Pit, at the close of the performance; when he was accosted by a friend,—who desired his opinion of the *splendid spectacle*. “Why, Sir,” replied the *DOCTOR*; “*the Secret Mine* was extremely *rich*,—but the tight-rope Dancer was—*Richer*!!”

THE *DOCTOR*, for many years past, was in the habit of familiarising his thoughts with Death; and constantly walked with a Crab-Stick which had a Coffin-Nail driven into the head of it, as a *memento mori*. He was also used facetiously and *appropriately* to call a Glass of Brandy and Water, a *Coffin-Nail*—and, in the course of the evening, when enjoying himself, would frequently tell his familiar friends, how many *Coffin-Nails* he had *driven*.

or drank (which is the same thing) during the day.—On one occasion, a friend had presented him with a Coffin-Nail, at the Garrick's head, when the house was kept by John Lamb;—and which the waiter had placed before him on the table.—The DOCTOR happened to be engaged with a friend at the time, in close conversation, on a literary subject; which so much occupied his attention, that Lamb, the Landlord, availed himself of this opportunity, to steal the DOCTOR's Glass of Brandy and Water; which he drank off in a breath; and having replaced the Glass, made for the door, where he might (out of the DOCTOR's reach) enjoy the laugh!—The DOCTOR was no sooner apprised of the circumstance, than he pronounced the following lines—extempore:

“Thy name, LAMB, change to Wolf or Bruin!

To flout thee, 'tis but fair:

That thou hast done a deed of ruin,

My looks must needs declare!

A plague on thy insatiate Maw!

’Twould make a parson rail—

That, pincers-like, thy throat should draw

My golden COFFIN-NAIL!!”

MR. J**** D*****, was at one period most intimately acquainted with the DOCTOR; in whose society, he has often enjoyed “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul;” and of whom he relates the following anecdotes:

THE DOCTOR and himself, with others, had been spending a convivial evening with *Mr. S. Hibbert*, (now, Doctor Hibbert,) in St. Ann's Square. At an early hour in the morning, the company broke up; and as it was manifest, that MR. WATSON had received a staggering blow from that merry, but mischievous little God—Bac-

thus, Mr. D***** and Mr. Hibbert agreed to see "the little Doctor" home. Mr. D***** offered his arm; but this the Doctor refused; as he was determined to convince both his friends, that he required no such assistance. However, by the way, he accidentally fell into a heap of dirt, or street-sweepings; and whilst prostrate, began to apostrophize a town's lamp, affixed at the corner of the street, with the opening speech of *Octavian*, in the Play of "The Mountaineers":

" _____ 'Tis dawn!--
Thou hot and rolling Sun, I rise before thee;
For I have twice thy scorching flames within me,—
And am more restless!"

ON another occasion, he had been spending the evening with his friend, Mr. Hibbert,—in company with Mr. D*****, Mr. Huddart, the tragedian, the late Mr. Cowdroy, of facetious memory, and well known by the name of "Peter Paragraph"—and a few other literary characters. The bottle had circulated freely, until about two in the morning; when the company prepared to depart: but, unfortunately, the rain was falling in torrents; and the Doctor requested the loan of an umbrella from his friend, Mr. Hibbert,—in order to accompany his friend Huddart to his quarters. Mr. Hibbert complied, and instantly furnished one; which having seen much service, was nothing the better but something the worse for it. On opening the umbrella, with some impatience—that is, with more force, and less caution than needful; the top unfortunately separated from the stick; which was not observed by either the Doctor or his friend: and in this plight or posture of things, they proceeded cheek-by-jowl, through the square; whilst the Doctor, shouldering the *headless umbrella-stick*, frequently desired his friend to keep close under it, and *avoid the rain!*

THE SPIRIT
OR
THE DOCTOR.

Epigrams, Sonnets, &c.

TO THE LADIES.

ALWAYS, ye Fair, rely on heav'n above;
Unknown distress attends on lawless Love:
Take care your hearts run not too far ashore,
One little fault brings on a thousand more.
Be resolute, by all you'll be caress'd—
Be ever virtuous, you'll be ever blest.

August 17, 1796.

GOOD-HUMOUR.

WHEN anxious minds are press'd with cares,
Or are to sadness prone;
Good-humour, with its pleasing airs,
Restores their wonted tone.

January 4, 1796.

SONNET.

FALSE love begone—from me away !
 Thy sharpest dart my breast defies :
 Ye swains give ear to this my lay ;
 Experience sings, to make *you* wise.

The fairest Nymph is prone to change,
 Your fondest love she'll ne'er repay ;
 Tho' fair her form, her mind will range,
 For this is foolish woman's way :

 To-day, she'll take you to her arms,
 And kindly will relieve your pain :
 To-morrow, will withdraw her charms—
 Then pray'rs, and tears, and vows are vain.

Oh *trust* them not, however kind they *seem*,—
 Their *love*'s a *vapour*—all an *airy dream* !

June 22, 1797.

*Written after reading a scurrilous Pamphlet on
 Miss FARREN, published soon after her Marriage
 with the Earl of Derby.*

MALICE, in vain are all thy arts,
 Pointless and venomless thy darts,
 When aim'd at Virtue's breast :
 Thy pow'r her godlike soul despairs ;
 She over thee triumphant reigns,
 And will be ever blest.

September 1, 1797.

3

ON MISS H—W—D.

How fair her form, how sweet her smile ;
Her look does ev'ry heart beguile !
That Man will sure be blest for life,
Whose lot it is to call her wife.

The Maid who walks in Virtue's way,
And from that path ne'er loves to stray ;
Such goodness is by all approv'd—
By Heav'n she's blest, by Man belov'd.

September 17, 1797.

To HANNAH.

WHEN first my eyes beheld that face,
In which is seated ev'ry grace,
My bosom felt a thrilling pain,
Which quickly ran through ev'ry vein ;
I had not pow'r to speak or move—
Nor aught was left me but—to love.

Naught but to love ! what can compare
With that ?—Oh ! chide not, lovely Fair !
My passion's pure—my love return—
Oh ! leave me not, in vain to mourn ;
If you, dear Maid, deign to approve,
What pleasure then 'twill be—to love.

Oh ! in what bliss my days would glide,
With you, bright Hebe, by my side ;
To hear you speak, or softly sigh,
And on your tender bosom lie :
Angels are not more blest above,
Than I should then be—with my Love.

August 16, 1796.

TO JOSEPHINE.

In Imitation of Cowper's Lily and Rose.

How bright the Rose,—a fairer flower
 On earth was never seen;
 Yet not the Rose itself more fair
 Than lovely Josephine!

The Lily is a graceful flower,
 And boasts a Vestal—mien;
 But can't, with all its grace, surpass
 The lovely Josephine.

If you search Flora's kingdom through,
 In Garden or on Green,
 There's not a flower you'll find can vie
 With lovely Josephine.

Like Flora, *State* she well deserves,
 And she shall be my Queen;
 I cheerfully will subject bow
 To lovely Josephine.

September 22, 1798.

SONNET TO CAROLINE.

WHEN first I saw, I lov'd you, dearest Maid!
 Accept my heart, if it be worth your care—
 No others shall it be, I oft have said,—
 You *only* shall possess it, charming Fair.

'Tis but a worthless, foolish thing, I own,
 In it a thousand faults I can discern,
 'Twill ne'er be better whilst it lives alone,—
 If blest with *you*, it could not fail to learn

5

What's just and good—then should I happy be—
Oh ! say you love, and share your fate with me !

My heart sincerely loves you, dearest Maid !
Make it your own, if it be worth your care—
No other's shall it be, I oft have said,—
You *only* shall possess it, lovely Fair !

November 18, 1798.

SONNET.

WHAT is this transitory life ?
A vapour, spark, a breath of air !
Death quickly ends all mortal strife,
For fleeting time will no one spare !

Man is to pain and sorrow born,
His days, alas ! are quickly o'er ;
For soon, with age and sickness worn,
Down,—down he falls, to rise no more !

Yet hold—although the *Body* falls,
The *Soul*, too sure, must once more rise ;
When that the last dread trumpet calls,
'Twill speed its flight beyond the skies—

To Heav'n, where bliss and joy for ever reign,—
Happy reward for sorrow, care, and pain !

July 15, 1799.

SONNET,

*On picking up a rose, which a young Lady, had
thrown from her bosom.*

THIS morn I saw thee, fresh and fair,
Plac'd on the breast of her I love ;
“ Were I but for a moment there,”
I sigh'd—“ what blessings might I prove !

But now I find thee thrown away,
Cast down, at once, from thy sweet throne,—
Thy lot I mourn, and by it may
’Scape many pangs, as yet unknown.

Had I a seat so near her heart,
Should she bestow a cheering smile,
Exclaim she'd with me never part,
And, soothingly, my time beguile—

Perhaps, soon tir'd, she'd cast me off, and I,
Like thee, might pine—like thee, forgotten, die !

July 21, 1799.

W O M A N.

A Rhapsody.

LOVELY Woman ! charming creature !
Without thee, Man can ne'er be blest—
Beauty dwells in ev'ry feature ;—
Heav'nly peace within thy breast.

Mark, how happy is the Lover,
If but his Mistress deign to smile ;
Joy and bliss around him hover,—
Fled is ev'ry care, the while.

View her in another station,
A tender and a faithful wife;
Thou canst not, bold imagination!
Paint the happy Husband's life.

A Mother next, how she caresses,
With dear delight, her darling child,
Her love and tenderness expresses,
By looks and words serene and mild.

Destroy not, Man! the precious treasure;
Thy cruel, wicked arts, give o'er,
Thy happiness is all her pleasure;
What on earth desir'st thou more?

Lovely Woman, blessings on thee!
Matchless are thy pow'rful charms,—
For ever could I gaze upon thee:
Die with transport in thy Arms.

August 25th 1799.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

A Song.

For the dear little Girl of my heart,
And with her a snug little Cot,
From the World I with pleasure would part,
Nor change with a Monarch my lot.

In this Solitude, blest should I live,
The sweets of true happiness prove;
Not for all that a kingdom could give,
Would I barter one moment of *love.*

Oh! throughout the long day, I could tell
 For her, with the dearest delight:
 She'd make cheerful my task with her smile,—
 Her bosom my pillow at night.

Thus, retir'd from the vain noisy crowd,
 T'enjoy heav'n's blessings—to bless,—
 I would neither be selfish nor proud,
 Nor deaf to the cry of distress.

Should the beggar, reduc'd to despair,
 At my door tell his story of woe,
 He, surely, my pittance should share,
 If a pittance I had to bestow.

Such a life is all I desire in
 This World, and when death bids us part,
 Then let me, oh, let me, expire in
 The arms of the *Girl of my Heart!*

October 18, 1799.

EPIGRAM.

THE cold was severe, as Tom onward pac'd,
 He met his friend Jack, who was scudding away,
 And cry'd—“ Why so sharp? pray, where in such haste?”
 The other replied—“ 'Tis a very sharp day!”

October 27, 1799.

EPIGRAM.

“ I'm lost for ever!” Henry cries;
 “ For Mary has another wed;

9

“ Deceitful Girl ! made up of lies—
“ Oh ! many a time, she said,
“ That she would none but Henry love :
“ Her loss I never can survive ;
“ At once a hero will I prove.—
“ To-morrow’s Sun I’ll not survive !—
I’ll blow my brains out ! that, I know,
Will end my suff’rings, ease my pains !”
Fool, bullets thro’ thy head may go,
But *none* will ever find thy *Brains* !

January 5, 1800.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF MARIA.

An Acrostic.

M—AY heaven vouchsafe a cheering ray,
A—nd smiling, hail her natal Day ; }
R—ound her let guardian Cherubs play ; }
I—f care assail her, bid it cease,
A—nd bless her long with health and peace !

April 6, 1800.

EPICRAM.

Written by the Author upon himself.

SPOUTING Jem roar’d aloud, whilst reading a page
Of old Shakespeare, one day, “ I’ll go on the Stage !
“ I’ll play Richard the Third !” “ No, surely, you won’t ”—
Says his Friend—“ You but joke, it cannot be true : ”
“ Oh, Yes ! ” he replies—“ I’ll be *damn’d* if I don’t ! ”
“ Then what my dear lad ! will you *be*—if you do ? ”

April 26, 1800.

C

THE PRISONER.

A Sonnet.

IN a deep dungeon, dark and dank,
 Where never Sun adores his eyes,—
 Laden with chains,—by pining lank,—
 A hapless, suff'ring Victim lies.

No bed but straw to rest upon,
 How sadly time has pass'd away;
 Twelve weary, ling'ring years are gone,
 Since last he saw the cheering Day.

His hair, once black, is silver'd o'er,—
 His cheeks in furrows worn by tears!
 For this vain world he sighs no more,
 The tyrant death no longer fears:

No! oft on Death he calls to set him free—
 'Tis only thus he hopes for—Liberty!

May 27, 1860.

THE SAILOR.

A Sonnet.

“HARD is my lot, severe my doom,
 “My dear Girl! thou and I must part;
 “The fatal hour at last is come—
 “Oh Heaven! the thought does rive my heart.

“My Country calls me to the war;
 “Take then this ring, the pledge of love!
 “Vow thou wilt ne'er forsake thy tar,
 “That to thy Jack thou'lt constant prove!”

11

She vow'd; he clasp'd her to his breast,
Swore he would be for ever true;
His oath he on her lips impress'd,
And breath'd a long—a last adieu!—

For when the battle rag'd—*Oh!* sad to tell—
The Sailor bravely fought—as bravely fell!

June 14, 1800.

EPIGRAM.

My Lady cries out—"Betty, where's our Dog Moor?"
"He's licking a sauce-pan, Ma'am! here, at the door."
My Lord hearing which, he exclaims—"My dear wife!"
"What he's licking now, you have lick'd all your life!"

July 25, 1800

MARY.

In a low cottage, Mary dwelt—
A lovely Maid, whose mind was pure,
As fairest snow; who ever felt,
Compassion for the helpless poor.

Her heart was tender and sincere;
Oh! can your hearts remain unmov'd?
Can you restrain the pitying tear,
For her—betray'd by him she lov'd?

Young Henry was the favour'd youth,
Who had her fond affection won;
But *false to honour, dead to truth,*
He left her friendless and undone!

While for her injur'd fame she griev'd,
 She oft on Heaven for pardon cry'd:
 Heav'n heard her plaint, her woes reliev'd,
 And blessing Henry, Mary dy'd !

July 29, 1800.

*On seeing a Portrait of Capt. COOK, in a volume of
 his Voyages, engraved by Mr. Pye.*

On the table before me Cook's Voyage now lies,
 His head 'grav'd by Pye, is prefixed to the book :
 Tis common enough, to see *Cooks* making *Pies*,
 But *here*, strange to tell, has a *Pye* made a *Cook*!
 July 29, 1800.

MARY-ANN.

Of all the Maids on earth who live,
 Born to subdue the heart of man,
 None can such earthly pleasure give,
 As fascinating Mary-Ann.

The beauteous Rose is sweet and fair ;
 What e'er was seen that with it can,
 For sweetness and for bloom, compare ?
 The lip and cheek of Mary-Ann.

For tenderness, the dove is fam'd,
 Yet since creation first began,
 Ne'er was a breast for softness fram'd,
 As is the breast of Mary-Ann.

13

She's excellence, without a flaw—
What rapture thro' my bosom ran,
When first this lovely nymph I saw;
This heavenly creature, Mary-Ann.

I ask of fate no more than this,
Since human life is but a span,
That I may have the transient bliss—
To live and die with Mary-Ann.

September 1, 1800.

EXTEMPORE TO MISS MOON,

*On being left alone with her, by a Young Lady's
taking away the Candle.*

“WILL you the candle, Sir, excuse?”
Maria asks: I grant the boon;
A trifle none would e'er refuse,
Blest with thy brightness—lovely Moon!

October 14, 1800.

A REBUS.

A PREPOSITION choose with skill,
Three-sevenths of the God of Wine;
Add two-thirds of a Cot—they will
A powerful foreign plant define.

Solution—To—bac—co.

November 22, 1800.

WANDERING NED ;

A BALLAD :

In imitation of Mrs. Opie's Fatherless Fanny.

A POOR shivering wretch, almost spent with fatigue,
 One night as he travers'd the banks of the Tyne ;
 Who had journey'd since morn, full many a league,
 At the frownings of fate, thus 'gan to repine :
 "It is fearfully dark, and piercing the wind,
 "Fast falls down the rain on this shelterless head ;
 "So dreary the way, not a spot can I find,
 "To shield from the tempest, poor wandering Ned.

"How sad is my fortune ! to wander alone,
 "Neglected by all, for I know not a friend,
 "Throughout the wide world who would pity my moan ;
 "My life is a burden—oh ! when will it end ?
 "Sometimes a kind hand, as relief I implore,
 "My hunger to 'scape, yields a morsel of bread,
 "While many, as trembling I ask at their door,
 "Only scoff at the woes of poor wandering Ned.

"In a Cot once I lived, content I enjoy'd—
 "My labour with plenty my board did bedeck ;
 "In one fatal night, all by fire was destroy'd ;
 "I alone, sorely bruised, escap'd of the wreck :
 "My friends then I sought my distress to relieve ;
 "They on me caress'd me, now from me they fled ;
 "I'm thrown on the world, at my hard lot to grieve ;
 "Few greet with compassion poor wandering Ned !"

As retracing his sorrows, thus onward he stept ;
 Of light not a star e'en afforded a gleam ;

15

So near to the edge of the bank had he crept,
That sudden he slipt and fell into the stream :
" Help !" feebly he call'd, as the rude current bore
Him swiftly along his cold watery bed ;
He struggled, he groan'd, but soon suffer'd no more ;
Death eas'd all the pains of poor wandering Ned !"

February 3, 1801.

EXTEMPORE ;

During Mr. George Cooke's performance of King Richard III. at the Theatre-Royal, Manchester.

HERE's an error i'th' bill—I'll make good my word ;
If I don't, say, of liars I'm the worst :
It sets forth the play, as King Richard the Third ;]
But, by *George*, 'tis KING RICHARD the FIRST.

August 24, 1801.

On seeing a Sentiment, by a Lady, written on a window.

CAPRICIOUS fair ! 'tis thus you pass
Your time, our sex to tease ;
You write your FAITHLESS VOWS on GLASS,
And BREAK them—WHEN YOU PLEASE !

August 31, 1801.

*On seeing a Humourous Print of a Pluralist, with
His HANDS and FEET upon the SPIRES of FOUR
CHURCHES.*

HOWE'ER you feed the Parson's pride,
Still more he is desiring;
His tow'RING hopes are gratified,
And yet he his ASPIRING.

October 8, 1801.

To MRS. ADDISON,

A vocal Performer of the Theatre-Royal, Manchester.

SWEET Music's child,
Thy "Wood-notes wild,"
Soften to pleasure sorrow's moan:
While thou art near,
To charm the ear,
We wish no other BILLING—TON!*

March 22, 1802.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

*Delivered at the Theatre-Royal, Manchester,
April 5, 1802, by MRS. WARD, in the character of
Peace.*

No longer scar'd by War's terrific wiles,
Gladly I hail Britannia's sons with smiles;

* Mrs. Billington was the vocal Heroine of the kingdom, and performing in London, with great eclat, at an enormous Salary.

What transport 'tis to look around this place,
 And read my welcome here—in ev'ry face !
 This friendly greeting kindly soothes my pain,
 And tends to make me happy once again.
 Eight years, the *tyrant* with remorseless hand,
 Hath pour'd his fury on this suff'ring land ;
 Children he tore from their lov'd parents' arms,
 And drove them forth, to brave his dread alarms ;
 Dragg'd husbands from the breasts of faithful wifes,
 And, void of mercy, sacrificed their lives :
 But now, thank heaven ! his ruthless reign is o'er,
 And strife, and discord, vex the heart no more ;
 He spent his rage—resign'd his sword to me—
 Gave back *my* power—and *you again*—are *free* !
 O, Britain ! foster'd by the hand divine !
 Seat of the Graces, and the sacred Nine !
 Henceforth, in friendship, let thy Children rest
 Beneath my auspices—securely blest !
 So shalt thou thrive—thy Days in pleasure glide,
 Past griefs be cancell'd by oblivion's tide ;
 Fame shall thy praises wast from pole to pole,—
 The wealth of nations to thy foot shall roll ;
 The sails of Commerce be again unfurl'd,
 And *thine* shall be the *Mart* for *all* the *World* !
 May ev'ry joy which *Peace* and *Plenty* bring,
 Conjoin to *bless thee*—and *God save THY KING* ;

March 31, 1802

To MRS. MOUNTAIN,
*Of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane; on her Vocal
 Performances, at Manchester.*

“ *Music can soothe the savage breast!* ”
 This truth thy charming powers attest;

18

Fortune's best gifts betide thee !
Encircled by the vocal throng,
Thou art a MOUNTAIN, them among,
And they MOLE-HILLS, beside thee.

April 8, 1803.

EPIGRAM.

"No, no, Britain can't fight *single-handed* with France!"
Buonaparte exclaims, with disdain :
Single-handed, brave NELSON has led her a dance ;—
With one hand, he can beat her again !

July 31, 1803.

TO BUONAPARTE.

PROUD Corsican ! thy threats are high,
And yet, how much to be despis'd :
Come hither, if thou wish—**TO DIE** !
For here, thou shalt be CANNONIZ'D.

August 7, 1803.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN one and one make *two*,
Oh, heav'n ! how blest are we ;
Yet oft our joys we rue,
If *one* and *one* make *three* !

October 1, 1803.

EXTEMPORE;

*On reading an advertisement on a runaway Wife, by
a person of the name of Angel.*

*Mary Angel, thy wife,
Has without cause or strife,
And without provocation or evil,
Run away from her home :—
Prithee, e'en let her roam,
Since thy Angel has turn'd out—a Devil!*

November 15, 1803.

EPIGRAM.

French Politicians have consign'd to fate,
The term REPUBLIC :—loyal now and hearty,
EMPIRE's the word ;—'tis just, at any rate—
For what an EMPIRIC is Buonaparte !!!

June 7. 1804.

WRITTEN

*On the Anniversary of the Death of Admiral Lord
Nelson, October 21, 1806.*

*LET this blest day be ne'er forgot ;
Its praise let future ages tell,—
When France receiv'd her direst blot ;
When Gallant NELSON fought and fell !*

Ere he resign'd his parting breath,
 Ere ebbing life had yet retir'd,
 His gallant Tars reveng'd his Death,
 And he in vict'ry's arms expir'd !

Britons, revere your Hero's name,
 The pride, the boast of Naval Story ;
 Who gain'd, thro' life, immortal fame,—
 And, by his death, eternal glory !

1806.

TO A

LADY, WITH AN ALMANACK.

ACCEPT this trifle from a friend,
 And if thou hast a moment's leisure,
 That moment thine attention lend,
 And let me moralize this treasure,

Ask not, "how dare the man presume?"
 Nor let a frown o'ercloud thy face :
 A journal 'tis of time to come,
 In which I trust to have a place.

When first 'tis open'd to thy view,
 Who knows what happy days thou'l see :
 Note all that thou hast cause to do,
 And, 'monsigt the rest, remember me !

And when those days their course have sped,
 (For days and years are shortly o'er,)
 Reflect how swiftly time has fled,—
 And so 'twill flee, till all's no more.

21

But if thou wish, that life may move
In peace, in bliss, and harmony,
Oh ! wake thy gentle heart to love,—
And bid it heave the sigh for me !

1807.

STANZAS,

On Woman.

SAY, what is Man's supreme delight ?
What can fill his heart with pleasure ?
What is most precious to his sight ?
What is nature's choicest treasure ?

There is a something I could name,
Is all, and more—deny it no man ;
'Tis dearer far than wealth and fame,—
'Tis fair, angelic, virtuous Woman !

Can aught to Man such rapture give ?
Is she not all his heart can sigh for ?
For many earthly things, he'd *live*,—
But lovely Woman he would die for !

" Yet, there are men," methinks you'd say,
" Who oft caress, who oft misuse her;"
Not men ;—appear like men they may ;
None but unfeeling brutes abuse her.

I call him *Man*, alone, whose mind
Ne'er harbour'd, yet, a thought to harm her ;
In whose fond heart, a friend she'd find,
If pale distress, or pain alarm her.

But henceforth may her sorrow's cease ;
 Affliction's frown assail her never ;
 Bless her, kind heav'n ! with health, and peace,
 And joy attend her steps for ever.

For she is Man's supreme delight !
 She can fill his heart with pleasure ;
 She is most precious to his sight,
 She is nature's choicest treasure !

1807.

EPIGRAM :

On the bursting of a Gun, in the hands of MR. MILLS, on the Stage of the Theatre-Royal, Manchester : a short time previously to this accident, a Mr. Grist, a favourite Actor in that Town, had retired from the Stage.

WHEN the Managers miss'd their favourite *Grist*,
 The Stage suffer'd, it can't be deny'd ;
 But surely their *Grist* had severely been miss'd,
 If misfortune their *Mills* had destroy'd.

1807

WRITTEN

In the Theatre-Royal, Manchester, after Hannah More's Tragedy of Percy, performed July, 1807, for the benefit of the Young Roscius.

YOUNG Roscius' reign, we trust is o'er ;
 A reign of childishness and whim :
 We don't object to *Hannah More*,—
 But let us ha' no more of him !

A REBUS.

I lost my heart one fatal day;
 A damsel pilfer'd it away ;—
 And if you know her, there's no doubt
 But, by these means, you'll find her out.

TELL me—who first was nam'd in story ?
 Who was Britannia's pride and glory ?
 Who for philosophy was fam'd ? }
 Who was the strongest ever nam'd ? }
 Who was the shrew Petruchio tam'd ? }
 What is the lover's dearest friend ?
 What oft has been man's wretched end ?
 What doth God hate, and man despise ?
 What's that for which the poet sighs ?
 To what ought we attention lend ?
 What's that to which there is no end ?
 What is it flies away so fast ?
 What's that we all must do at last ?

These questions solv'd, your task is o'er,—
 'Tis mine to say, what follows more ;
 Th' initials join'd, they'll soon betray
 The Nymph who stole my heart away.

SOLUTION.

Adam. Nelson. Newton. Sampson. Catharine.
 Hope. Opium. Lying. Fame. Instruction. Eternity.
 Life. Die.

1808.

Addressed to the Inhabitants of Carlisle, on the refusal of their Bishopric, by DR. ZOUCH; and on its ACCEPTANCE, by DR. GOODENOUGH.

THOUGH firmly-pious Zouch withstood
Your tempting Mitre, look not gruff,—
If, for your Bishop, he's too good,
Your Bishop now is—Goodenough.

1808.

NANNY:

A Song.

ALL men their wants and wishes have;
All ask for this, or that;
Some honours, others riches crave,—
And some they know not what.
Love stealeth in amongst the rest,
For Mary, Jane and Fanny;
Give each the nymph he loves the best,—
And me, my dearest Nanny!

For gilded roofs, and stately piles,
How many mortals pine!
But fortune's blandishments and wiles,
Ne'er forc'd a sigh of mine.
Give me, ye Gods, the rustic cot,
And I'll not envy any;
Make health, and sweet content, my lot,—
And bless me with my Nanny.

For her I willingly could toil,
Secure from rude alarms;

She'd cheer my labours with her smile,
 And bless me in her arms :
 For this, alone, to heaven I pray,
 As one amongst the many ;
 Thus let me live my little Day,
 And die, at last, with Nanny !

1806

NANNY ;

A FRAGMENT :

In Imitation of Cowper's Mary.

Whom fondly have I oft carest ?
 Whom strain'd with transport to my breast ?
 With whom could I be ever blest ? My Nanny !

For whom, when absent, do I sigh ?
 For whom my flutt'ring heart beat high,
 When to her tender arms I fly ? My Nanny !

Who is the nymph of all the fair,
 For whose sake life is worth my care ?
 For whom the frowns of fate I'd dare ? My Nanny !

If deeply pierc'd by sorrow's dart,
 Thou canst a healing balm impart,
 And bind an almost broken heart, My Nanny !

If e'er distress disturb my mind,
 Thy soothing voices is then so kind,
 That comfort and relief I find — My Nanny !

But if thy poet farther sing,
 He'll quit this melancholy string,
 And say from whence his pleasures spring,
 My Nanny !

If e'er I pleasure know on earth,
 'Tis thou alone must give it birth ;
 Thou canst convert my grief to mirth,
 My Nanny !

Thou'rt pleasure's *source* ; be thou its *end* ;
 Thou'rt my—I would say more than friend,
 But dare not, lest I should offend

My Nanny !

1808.

The following was written, with the Intention of its being spoken on the Stage of the Theatre-Royal, Manchester; previously to a Night's Entertainment, for the benefit of the Poor. The reason it was not delivered, was, in consequence of its not having been produced in time, to receive the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain.

“ HARD is the fate of the infirm and poor ! ”
 Life's slender means they cannot now procure.
 How many do we see, by hunger led,
 Crave, with imploring looks, their daily bread ?
 Can any eye, e'er bath'd by pity's tear,
 Refuse the drop of cordial comfort here ?
 Can any heart the piteous suit withstand ?
 Can—*Man from Man withhold his helping hand ?*

Fair CHARITY ! we supplicate thy pow'r ;
 Oh ! save the poor, in this inclement hour !

O'er them extend thine all-protecting wing,—
And for their comfort, food and raiment bring !

BENEVOLENCE ! here let thy bounty flow,—
Teach fellow man to feel a brother's woe !
Who opes his hand, to soften sorrow's cares,
May he ne'er want the mite he kindly spares !

To you, ye FAIR ! we make our last appeal ;
Surely, your tender hearts can warmly feel !
The female heart is pity's known recess,—
'Tis your affection, only, Man can bless ;—
Prove, that you also boast the lib'ral mind ;
We know you're lovely—be ye also kind :
Bestow your favours, aid our gen'ro'us cause,
And thus secure the world and heav'n's applause !
Give all, who can, your fellow-creatures food,—
And in return, accept their GRATITUDE !

December, 1808.

To A YOUNG LADY,

For a device for a Watch, inscribed "accept this Trifle."

"ACCEPT this trifle?" Yes ! I will ;
I know 'twas kindly giv'n,—
And I'll preserve it safe, until
I'm call'd from earth to Heav'n !

Thy gift, my heart's best thanks secures ;
'Twill be forgotten never :
And, rest assur'd, while life endures,
That heart will love thee ever !

1808.

WRITTEN

*In Walton Church-Yard, on the Grave-Stone of the
late John Palmer, who died on the Stage, in Liver-
pool, while performing the STRANGER, August 2, 1798*

TEN Years ago, this night, he breath'd his last,
Ten Years, have all his earthly cares been past.
Let's hope, though from life's scene so quickly hurl'd,
" He's found another, and a better world."

August 2, 1808.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

With a silver Pencil, in return for a Watch-Chain.

To you, my best of thanks are due,
Which I most freely give;
And shall, with gratitude, review
Your goodness, while I live.

Twill often tell me, you are kind,—
And pleasing thoughts impart;
Twill chain remembrance to my mind,
And friendship to my heart.

Accept from me, this little toy—
(Deny not my request!)
Which oft, I trust, you will employ,
As may to you seem best.

O, may't for you, in ev'ry case,
Be faithful to each line;
And sometimes let it gently trace
The name of friend, for mine.

1808.

MANCHESTER-EXCHANGE;

*Sung by MR. BARNES, at the Theatre-Royal, Manc-
chester, in the course of an Evening's Entertain-
ment, "by desire of the Subscribers to the Ex-
change," April 21, 1809.*

Tune.—"DROPS OF BRANDY."

**SCENE.—An EXTERIOR view of the Exchange, which
changes to an INTERIOR.**

*WHAT exchanges there are in this life,
From this thing, to that, and the other ;
Who would not exchange a bad wife,
To better himself with another ?
Since creation, exchanges have been,
Foul weather will change to the fairest ;
But of all the Exchanges I've seen,
The Manchester Change is the rarest.*

Rum ti, &c.

*Men meet here, of various professions,
To bargain, and study the news ;
To add to their list of possessions,
And sometimes themselves to amuse :
Here, they settle the debts of the nation,—
From subject to subject they range :
For business and recreation,
Who can't but admire the Exchange ?*

Rum ti, &c.

*What exchanges by Actors are try'd !
We thus our exchanging begin ;
You've seen your Exchange's outside,
(Scene changes here)
By watching, you see it within !*

Thus, nightly your time to beguile,
 Our motley-tribe here will arrange;
 Bestow but your fostering smile,
 And we'll give you our thanks, in *Exchange*?

Rum ti, &c.

WRITTEN

For BRADBURY, the Clown, (a native of Manchester,) previously to his Benefit in that Town, May 15, 1809.

(BILL.)—*Suspicious Husband, and Harlequin and Mother Goose.*

BRADBURY and the Goose.

HOWE'ER wisdom extol the advantage of school,
 The *wisest* will laugh at the *tricks* of a *fool*;
 If the Stoic unbend, with an itching to see
 The greatest of fools, surely *Bradbury's* he!
 His equal in *tricking* can rarely be found,—
 His nightly exertions by *Monies* are crown'd.

As Whim-Wham,* he'll laughter provoke, I'll be sworn;
 As Bugle,† he surely may sound his own *horn*!
 Which I doubt not will equally keep up his name,
 As the loudest of blasts from the trumpet of *Fame*.
 Though a Clown—if he be but with *Folly* let loose,
 You needs must allow, he's “as wise as a *Goose*!”

* Clown, in *Harlequin Mandarin*. † Clown, in *Mother Goose*.

31

Should he serve up a *Goose*, and bid all to the feast,
His *townsmen*, his *hope*, won't forsake him, at least !
If they chance not to find *sage* and *onions* within't,
I trust 'twill be staff'd full of *sauce* from the *mint* :
This the adage will prove—I appeal to your candour,
That "*the sauce for the Goose, will be sauce for the Gander.*"

1809.

SONG.

The sun the early morn doth greet ;
The dew begems the ground ;
The flowers with fragrant odours meet,
And perfume all around.

So enters man life's giddy maze,
Fearless of future harms ;
Pleasure her wily path displays,
And lures him by her charms.

The sun pursues his eager flight,
The dew-drops soon are fled ;
Each flower, obedient to the light,
Bends low its drooping head.

So thoughtless man, his hopes to win,
In *pleasure's* lab'rinth strays,
Till *disappointment* rushes in,
And blights his future days !

1809.

SONG.

Though nature's richest perfumes meet,
Exhal'd from flow'r and tree;
Not all combin'd, can be so sweet,
As Chloe's lip to me!—

Oh! had I Sappho's magic pen,
To trace my charmer's praise,—
No poet in the race of men,
Should offer fairer lays.

Her heart love's warmest passion feels;
Her eyes the flame disclose;
Her cheek its glowing crimson steals
From Summers sweetest rose!

Tho' blest with each *exterior* grace,
What happiness to find—
Excelling ev'ry charm of *face*—
Such *purity* of mind!

For sordid wealth I'd never part,
Were lovely Chloe mine;
If heaven this only boon would grant,
I'd bless the gift *divine*!

1809.

THE CONFESSION :

Sent by a Lady to a Gentleman.

In dreary midnight's lonely hour,
When wretched lovers only wake,
Ten-thousand tears fast dropping pour,
And bathe this bosom—for thy sake.

33

When morning's misty eye uncloses,
And gives the world another day ;
For thee more sweet than vernal roses,
Ten thousand sighs are breath'd away.

But she whose scalding tears are flowing,
Whose aching breast heaves many a sigh ;
Whose soul with fondest love is glowing,
Will hide her heart's fond wish, and die.

THE ABSOLUTION.

WHY ope thine eyes to sorrow drear ?
Or why their pearly tears let fall
For me, to whom thou'rt ever dear ?
For me, to whom thou'rt all in all ?

O, cease, sweet Maid, the troubling sigh ;
Cease those enslaving orbs to weep ;
Ne'er by Love's visitation die ;—
Repose thy soul in balmy sleep !

Affection fond thy bosom warm ;
Cupid its guardian cherub be ;
And when again the sun shall charm
The world,—revive, and—*live for me !*

1809

STANZA

Of Beattie's Minstrel.

“IN sooth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 “Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene ;
 “In darkness, and in storms he found delight :
 “Nor less, than when on ocean’s wave serene,
 “The southern Sun diffus’d his dazz’ling sheen :
 “Ev’n sad vicissitude amus’d his soul ;
 “Or if a sigh should sometimes intervene,
 “And down his cheek the tear of pity roll ;
 “A sigh, a tear so sweet, he’d wish not to controul.”

PARODY

On the foregoing Stanza :

ON A DRUNKARD.

By George ! he was a crazy, stupid wight,
 Fond of no sober, but each drunken scene ;
 In brandy and in rum he found delight—
 (And if perchance the gin stroll’d in between,
 He’d get so drunk, he’d know not where he’d been ;
 Then would his eye * display its dazz’ling sheen !)
 E’en humble porter could amuse his soul ;
 Or should the nut-brown ale but intervene,
 And down his throat the nappy beverage roll,
 The cordial nut-brown draught he’d wish not to controul !

1809.

* He had but one.

MY BOTTLE:

In Imitation of Cowper's Mary.

SINCE first the world from Chaos sprung,
Or infant lisp'd with prattling tongue,—
A dearer theme was never sung.

My Bottle !

Thou parent of the social friend,
To mis'ry's self thou peace canst lend ;
Or Stoicism's mind unbend,

My Bottle !

At Christmas-Feast, or Village-Wake,
When old and young their cares forsake,
Of thee, with rapture, all partake,

My Bottle !

At splendid inn, or humble booth,
Thy comforts ev'ry age can sooth ;
Life's thorny path they gently smooth,

My Bottle !

When sad reflections haunt the view,
What charms can *exorcise* the crew,
The sleepless nights, and devils blue ?

My Bottle !

In thee I've found, experience knows,
(Thou cordial for severest woes !)
An opiate for the mind's repose,

My Bottle !

36

In youth, when Cupid wing'd his dart,
And, unawares, assail'd my heart,—
Thou consolation didst impart,

My Bottle !

When Friendship from her aspect gay,
Tore off the mask, and fled away—
Thy smiles her falsehood did repay,

My Bottle !

If riveted in Hymen's chain,
From thee, assail'd by grief or pain,
I'd seek relief, nor seek in vain,

My Bottle !

Tho' wife should rail, or children tease;
Whate'er domestics feuds displease;
Thee, with avidity, I'd seize,

My Bottle !

All sublunary care and strife,
With faithless friend, or frowning wife,
Thou canst dispel, and give new life,

My Bottle !

Oh ! then thro' life my steps attend,
And while its weary course I bend,
I'll prize thee as my only friend,

My Bottle !

1811.

HYMN AND CHORUS,

Sung at the Concert-Room, Manchester, January, 1811

HEAV'N, show'r down thy blessing on us !
 Preserve our sov'reign, George the King !
 If thy mercy flow upon us,
 Fear we an Usurper's sting ?
 By his faithful subjects guarded,
 Still the vital spark may live ;
 Be his merit well rewarded,
 Who that vital spark shall give.

CHORUS.

God preserve our gracious Sov'reign !
 God preserve great George our King !
 Angels round his pillow hov'ring,
 In heav'nly strains his praises sing !

Fair Amelia's mournful present,
 Long permit her Sire to wear ;
 From the Noble to the Peasant,
 All shall join in fervent pray'r !
 Aid us by thy sure protection ;
 Guard us by thy fost'ring hand ;
 Keep our foes in thy subjection,—
 Bless our King, and save the Land !

Cho. God preserve, &c. . . .

1811.

SONNET :

To Miss Young, on her Singing.

WHAT sounds are those which charm my list'ning ear?
 Sure 'tis seraphic Music steals along;
 Some heav'nly Nymph quitting her hallow'd sphere,
 Holds my soul captive, by her dulcet song.

No, 'tis Maria ! lov'd Maria sings :
 Maria's fingers strike the lyric strings.—

Love is the theme—she pours its softest lay,—
 It ceases now—oh ! yet a moment—yet !—
 But why prolong what wiles the heart away,
 And fond remembrance never can forget?

Whether in court, or cot,— in hall or baw'r,—
 I'll dwell with rapture on the strain she sings;
 Nor e'er from mem'ry 'raze the blissful hour,—
 The hour "*When Music, heav'nly Maid ! was young!*"

1811.

LOVE, IN A CHIMNEY-CORNER :

Occasioned by a Person's asking a Rhyme to Chimney.

Oh ! whither, Cupid, shall I turn ?
 I sit beneath the chimney,—
 While with thy fire my heart doth burn,
 For lovely *Polly Plimney* !

Oh ! little God of love, look down,
 On me beneath the chimney ;
 And banish far the killing frown
 Of charming *Polly Plimney* !

Thy vot'ry asks but only this,
 For which he'd quit his chimney ;
 That he might share one billing kiss—
 With pretty *Polly Plimney* !

My bosom heaves with frequent sighs,
 Beneath the smoky chimney ;
 And red as carrots are my eyes,
 Which weep for *Polly Plimney* !

Oh ! would the gentle Fair be kind,
 And take me from my chimney ;
 Say, I'm the man to suit her mind.—
 I'd marry *Polly Plimney* !

If she with scorn my suff'rings view,
 For cruel *Polly Plimney*,—
 I'll burn my Rhymes, so fondly true,—
 And blow 'em up the chimney !

1812.

EPITAPH :

For Mr. Green.

HERE lies poor Sam—a worthy Lad—
 Who, now, nor envy dreads, nor spleen ;
 We all have faults ; his faults *he* had :
 Let's hope, he'll rise an EVER-GREEN !

1812.

IMPROPTU :

On reading a novel, called "LIGHT and SHADE."

THESE pages, reader, scann'd aright,
 Display fair truth array'd in *Light* :
 But if by carelessness essay'd,
 Thy darken'd mind must rest in *Shade* !

IMPROPTU :

*On a noted Coquet's being at Church, with her
 LAP-DOG.*

PHŒBE, whose smiles all Men delight,
 Thus sins—thus to *repent* prepares :
 She with her *puppy* flirts at night ;
 At morn, attends her *dog* to prayers !

1812.

*On the re-appearance of MR. BETTY, commonly called
 the Young Roscius, on the Stage, 1813.*

IN boyish days,
 Young Roscius' Plays
 Were often neat and pretty ;
 But now—they say,
 His adult-play,
 Is—"all my eye and *Betty*!"

From the Manchester-Gazette, August 14, 1813.

“FUGITIVE THOUGHTS:”

On the Author's having nearly completed his 61st year.

Now grey-growing time, in smiles, frowns, and tears,
Hath stamp'd on my brow, *the winter of years*,—
And youth's playful hours redeemless are gone,—
Having reach'd the dark verge of threescore and one.

With a faithful old partner still by my side,
Whom twice-twenty years, I have called my Bride ;
Who in life's toilsome route, as it goes,
“ Sometimes plucking a thorn, and sometimes a Rose !”

Hand in hand have we trudg'd, content with our lot,
If fortune's kind smiles would but just boil our pot,—
If health with her charms did our mean board attend,—
And, thank Heav'n ! we long have found her a friend.

When back I review this forty-years' scene,
What numbers of junior friends have I seen ;
Drop into the dust, ere life's autumn began,
The length of their days, alas ! but a span.

As this I retrace, thro' mortality's rod,
I wonder we both are still on the sod ;
Yet having liv'd thro' this forty-years' dream,
Tasting, by turns, the world's milk and its cream !

Whatsoe'er may remain of life's soul or fair weather,
May my old rib and I, in peace sleep together !

Hunter's-Lane

Requires in pace !

G

On reading the foregoing Lines.—

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE MANCHESTER-GAZETTE,

Mr. Cowdry,

Sir,

A friend of mine, who has the misfortune to be an inhabitant of that receptacle of misery, the Lunatic-Hospital, has, lately, in an interval of *sanity*, produced the following whimsical *Parody*, on the *Stanzas* which appeared in your Paper of the 14th instant. Presuming they will afford you *entertainment*, I hand you a literal copy from his own Manuscript.

Your constant Reader,

AUGUSTUS WARD.

Manchester, August 20, 1813.

LUNATIC THOUGHTS:

*Addressed to the Author of "FUGITIVE THOUGHTS;"
on the Author of the said Fugitive Thoughts having
nearly completed his sixty-first year.*

A PARODY.

I have shar'd joy and sorrow, in smiles and in tears,
In a mad-house pent up for a number of years;
The days of my youth are now crazily gone,
Tho' the years of my age do not make forty-one.

I've a crazy companion, who sits by my side,
 Whom I often call friend, whom I ne'er shall call bride;
 Who shares my mad life, and as madly it goes,
 Sometimes plucking my sleeve, and sometimes my nose!

In an interval, one day, lamenting our lot,
 And fearing our brains would again go to pot,
 To relieve our sad thoughts did the keeper attend,
 And brought me thy lines from the hands of a friend.

I eagerly scann'd them, but closing the scene,
 I thought thee as Mad as I long time have been;
 Hadst thou dropt into dust e'er the task thou began,
 I had sigh'd for thy fate, and lamented the man.

I now only ask—where's the *critical cane*,
 To give thee a lash—thou art worthy the *pain*—
 So composing thy thoughts, as thou surely must dream;
 For *opium* their milk is, and *poppy* their cream.

Whensoe'er thou awake; whatsoe'er be the weather;
 Put thine Irons in the fire, and thy doggrels together!

MAD TOM.

Manchester Lunatic-Hospital.

On seeing a PLAY, at ASHTON-UNDER-LINE.

Ye witless wights, from acting plays
 Desist proceeding further;
 Remember, the commandment says—
 That “*thou shalt do no murther!*”

1818.

IMPROPTU :

On observing a Moth, hovering round a CANDLE.—

Poor Fool, desist!—thy task give o'er—
 And let not danger's ray allure;
 Ah, tempt not thy destruction more—
 If thou persist, thy death is sure.

Man, quitting thus the path of right,
 Flies from the beams which truth displays;
 Like thee, pursues a borrow'd light,—
 And dies, at last—in *folly's blaze*!

1813.

SONNET :

On receiving a sprig of Wormwood, from a Lady.

Oh! emblem of our worst of ills,
 By which the bosom oft is stung;
 The bitter cup of life it fills
 With envious hate, or *sland'rous tongue*.

Provokes th' envenom'd drop a-down to fall,—
 And leaves behind its rankling *pois'nous gall*!

Ere life its weary course has sped,
 Ere hope be chas'd by fell despair;
 Ere ev'ry joy be banished,
 And nought remain but grief and care;

Oh ! grant this boon—thou blest above—
 The bitter cup turn thou away ;
 Infuse therein thy peace and love—
Hearts-ease will gild the coming day !

1814.

IMPROMTU :

*On being presented with a NOSEGAY, by a Lady,
 composed of WORMWOOD and SOUTHERN-WOOD.**

ALTHOUGH the nuptial day be gone,
 You—*Emblems* of the *bridal King*—
 Remind me, *Lad's-love** put it on,
 But *Wormwood* now has *whet its Sting* !

1814.

LIFE,

Compared to a BOTTLE.

OUR life's like a *Bottle* with *Spirit* well stor'd,
 While temperance reigns we treasure the hoard ;
Intemp'rance usurps, and the cork soon is drawn ;
 The spirit is *drain'd*—and *vitality* flown !

1814.

On observing a Jeweller, melting Gold in an Earthen Crucible.

Of Sterling Coin almost bereft,
The reason's plain I wot;
Paper will soon be all that's left,
If Gold thus—go to pot!

1814.

ON A LADY'S

Losing her Wedding-Ring, on the return of Col. Joseph H——n to STRANGEWAYS, after his confinement in Lancaster.

THE joyous heart will sometimes ache;
Pleasure doth oft misfortune bring;
Strange ways we all are apt to take—
Strange you're, to lose your Wedding-Ring!
Yet stranger had it been for you,
If then you'd lost your Husband too!

1812.

On the commencement of the New Year, 1814.

HAIL—newly-born year! I salute thee with joy;
Let the old to eternity jog;
It almost took leave, without bidding good-bye,
And now 'tis quite lost in a Foe!

STANZAS,

To an old BREAD-HORSE, whose HIDE after his death was TANNED, and now serves for a covering to the same article, borne about by his successor.

AND art thou gone—my worthy faithful friend?
And are at length thy earthly journeys o'er?
Twas thine, where'er thy footsteps thou didst bend,
To find a smiling face, at ev'ry door.

I must lament thy loss, and so will all,
Who oft have listen'd to thy well-known tread;
For twas thy constant lot, to great and small—
To rich and poor, to furnish "*daily bread!*"

Tho' fled thy labors, as a wand'ringt de,
Still hast thou left behind a dear-bought charm—
Bought with thy life! I mean thy *shining hide*—
With which I cover bread—to *keep it warm!*

1814.

IMPROPTU.

AN Esculapian, vamping pills,
To ease a suff'ring patient's ills,
Was thus accosted—“ Whose to take 'em?
“ Throw physic to the Dogs, say I !”
“ That's what I mean ;” was the reply ;
“ 'Tis for a *puppy* that I make 'em !”

On seeing MR. PAYNE, the American Roscius, in the character of ROMEO; and MRS. PAYNE, of the Theatre-Royal Manchester, in Juliet.

*THE Foreign Payne and English Payne,
I thus by standard fairly measure ;
When Romeo gave the audience pain,
Juliet stole their hearts at pleasure !*

1814.

On reading MR. BANNISTER'S FAREWELL-ADDRESS to the audience of DRURY-LANE THEATRE, on his RETIREMENT from the STAGE, after the representation of the COMEDY of " THE WORLD—" June 1, 1815.

“—————“ Tempus fugit ! ”

VIRG.

*O'er the Ocean of Life may he pleasantly sail,
Tho' his sheets of the Drama be furl'd ;
Thus, like him, shall the greybeard, old Father-Time, fail,—
After seeing the END of the WORLD.*

ADDITIONAL STANZA

TO " RULE BRITANNIA."

Written after the Battle of WATERLOO.

*Or glory none shall thee bereave,
For ages shine as bright as now ;
Fair fame a lasting wreath shall weave,
To deck thy gallant Arthurs* brow !*

* Wellington.

ADDITIONAL STANZA
TO "GOD SAVE THE KING."

Who now protects the land—
 Keeps foes far from our strand?
 His praise we'll sing!
 Hail, then, thou mighty one!
 Who lead'st our Armies on,—
 God bless thee—Wellington!
 And save the *King*!

*On Mr. KEAN's engagement at the Theatre-Royal
 Manchester; at £100, per night.*

WHAT! three-hundred pounds, ere engage to be heard?
 Such extravagance ne'er did I see:
 How characteristic of *Richard the Third*—
 Thus, he proves himself *cunning and Keen*!

*Addressed to a certain IGNORANT UPSTART; on his
 HONEST assurance, in commanding me to dismount
 from a Wall, (by the bye, none of his own)—up-
 on which I was quietly standing, to witness a
 HORSE-RACE.*

THOU impudent puppy! thou arrogant elf!
 Domineer not o'er others, but look to thyself—
 Be this thy first care and thy pains:
 If thou fortune inherit, thy fortune then try,—
 And see if thy riches politeness will buy—
 For, by Jove! they can ne'er by thee brains!

1816.

H

TO MARGARET.

If worth deserve the Poet's lay,
 Or to his mind were ever dear ;
 Let *friendship* now her tribute pay—
 Let *gratitude* bestow it, here.

Thro' ev'ry stage of fleeting life,
 May health and peace your steps attend ;
 Each future hour be free from strife,
 And Heav'n your home, when time shall end !

1816.

IMPROPTU :

On the Vice-President of a certain party, falling from his chair.

I've thought so, "many a time, and oft ;"
 Now be the moral known to all :
 'Tis right, that *virtue* reign aloft,
 But truly just, that *vice* should fall !

1816.

A HIT AT BOXERS :

On hearing another BLACK is now training up to the Science of Pugilism.

GIVE ear to me, ye men of Boxing Fame !
 Disgrace to Christian, Jew, or even Turk ;
 Let Afric's sons, *alone*, this science claim,—
 For truly may we say, 'tis *blackguard work* !

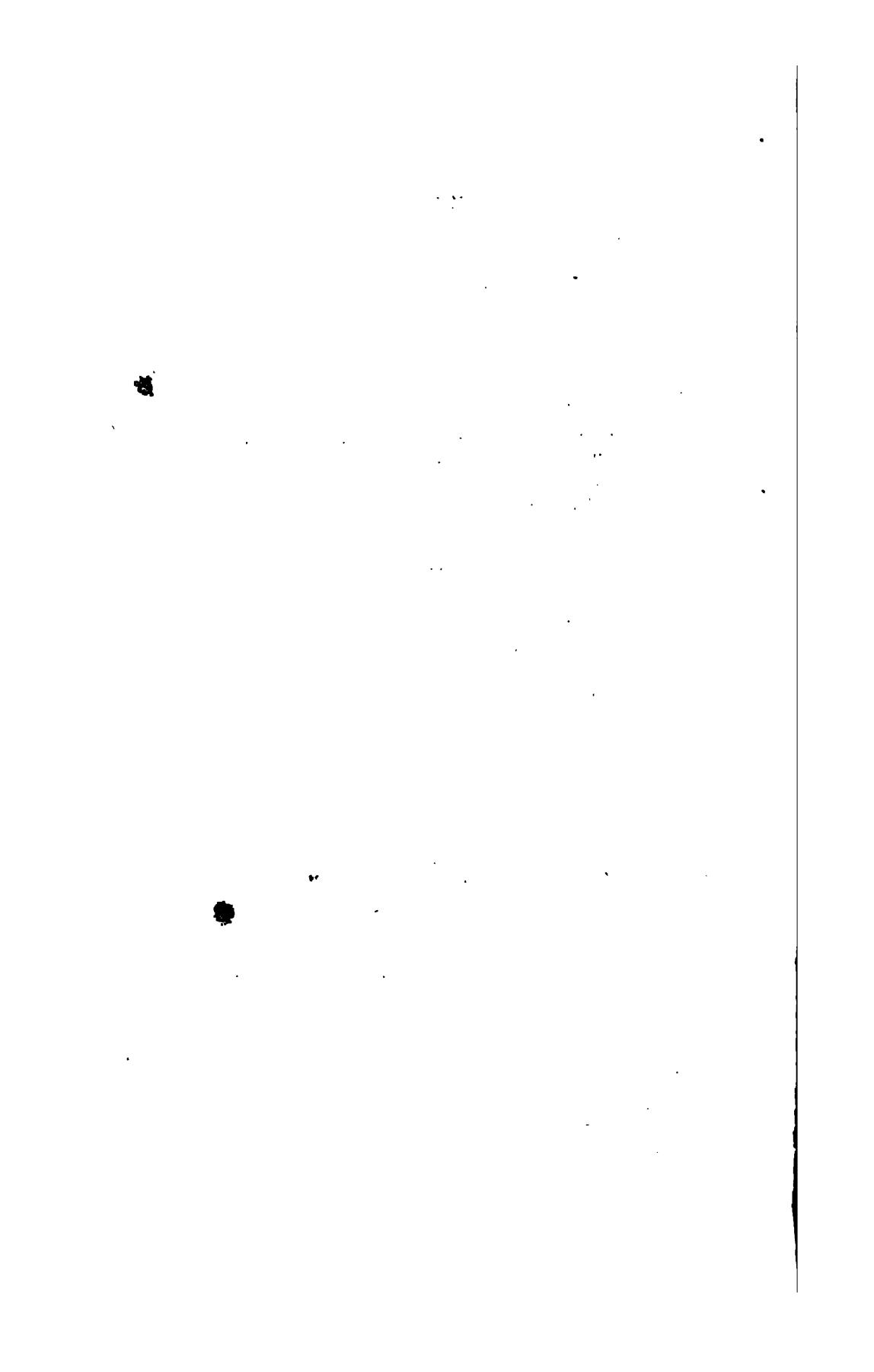
THE FOLLOWING
EXTEMPORE STANZA,

*Composed at a Festive Board, in February, 1820, after
the health of the QUEEN had been toasted with
loyal zeal and affection, was sung by the com-
pany, as an additional Stanza to "God save the
King," with great eclat; and the same Evening,
having been hastily printed, and distributed at the
Theatre-Royal, Manchester, was there repeated with
unbounded applause !!!*

God save our "noble Queen"—
'Till she's in Britain seen!
"God save the Queen!"
Let her tread British ground,
She'll hear from all around—
Throughout the Isle resound,—
"GOD save the QUEEN!"

HERE ENDS

"The Spirit of the Doctor."



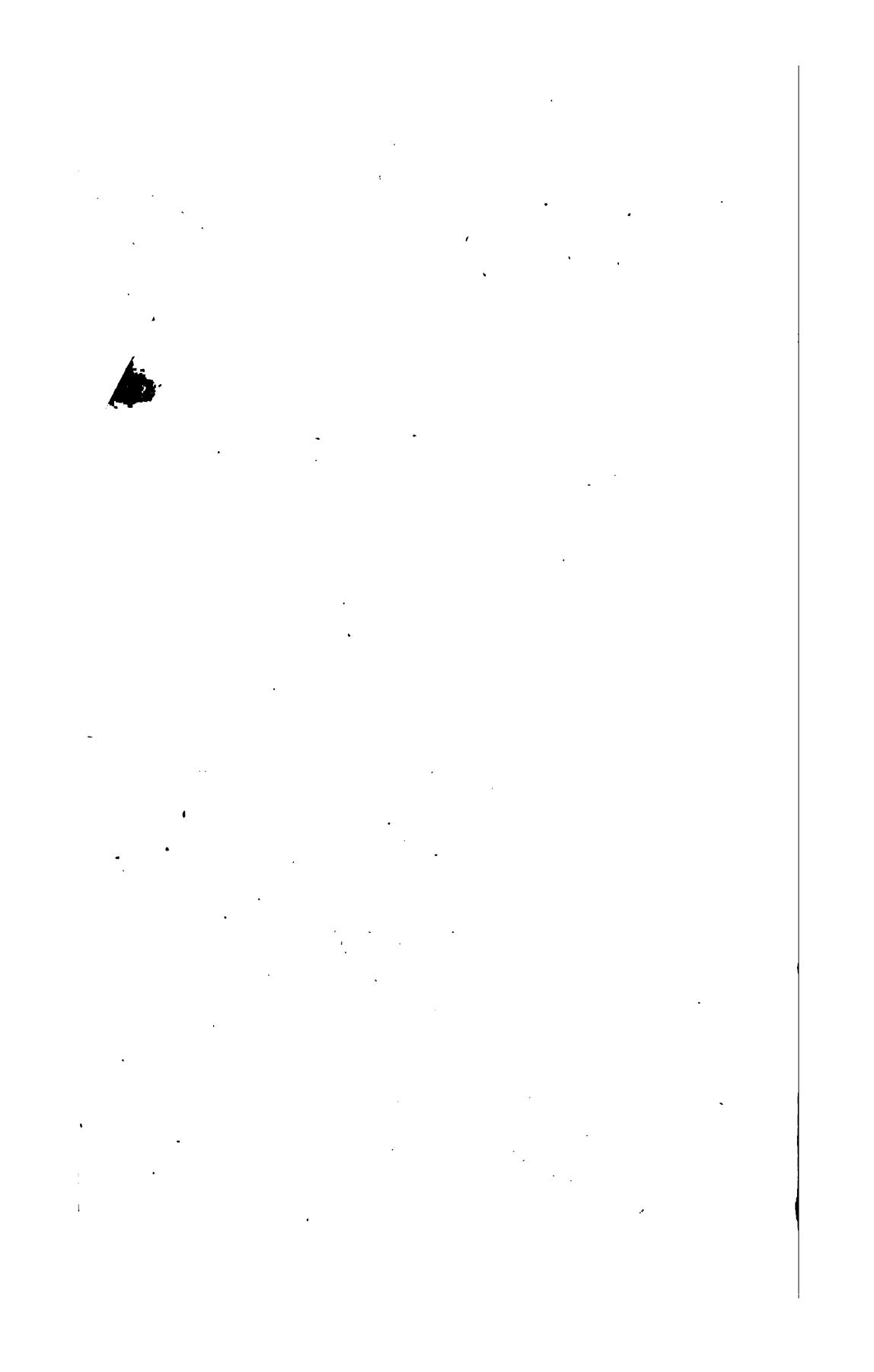
THE HUMORS

OR

TRIM.

E'en FOLLY, hath FANCY,
Wit, Humor, and Whim;
As the STULTUS will find,
Who reads "*Corporal Trim.*"

PRINTED BY J. PHENIX, MANCHESTER, IN THE YEAR 1820,
AND FIRST YEAR OF THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY,
KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.



A

PROEM :

AFTER THE MANNER OF

AN ESSAY

ON

DEFAMATION AND DETRACTION.

“ Do we not just abhorrence find,
“ Against the toad and serpent kind ;
“ Yet envy, calumny and spite,
“ Bear stronger venom in their bite !”

OF ALL THE VICES which are common to men, there are none so much hackneyed as those of *slander and detraction*.—It is so highly predominant, that it pervades all classes of society.—Rich and poor, young and old,—grave and gay, are all subject to its influence ; and indulge themselves in the gratification of its baneful pleasures, more or less, as opportunities offer. Than this, there is not a more wanton or cruel vice to be found in the *great list of vices* which are common to *depraved human nature*. It is *wanton*, because it can never honestly or honorably profit a man any thing. It is *cruel*, because it is always calculated to do injury to those

against whom it is levelled.—“The frogs in the well said
 “pertinently to the boys that pelted them—*Children, though
 “this be sport to you, it is death to us.*”—And it is an injury,
 against which men have seldom any remedy—because it is
 most commonly practised behind a man’s back; and, like
 the assassin’s dagger, favoured by darkness, is plunged in
 the *unconscious*, and often unoffending bosom.—“The un-
 “willingness to receive good tidings, is a quality as inse-
 “parable from a *scandal-bearer*, as the readiness to divulge
 “bad. But alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is
 “that state of mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is
 “the subject of lamentation. This temper has ever been in
 “the highest degree odious to gallant spirits. The *Persian*
 “soldier who was heard reviling *Alexander the Great*, was
 “well admonished by his officer,—“Sir, you are paid to
 “fight against *Alexander*, and not to *rail at him*.”—One
 really would marvel how any vice, which has so little to
 favour or recommend the practice of it, should be so much
 in use; and it is still more astonishing, that it should ever
 have a place in society, since no man dares to command it;
 but, on the contrary, all condemn it. If any one be charged
 with the practice of it, he will defend himself as strenuously
 against the imputation, as against some capital offence or
 violation of the penal laws of state.—“But there is an *odious*
 “spirit in many persons, who are better pleased to detect a
 “fault than to commend a virtue. And it is to be observed,
 “that the most *censorious* are generally the most *injudicious*,
 “who having no merit to commend in themselves, are al-
 “ways finding fault with others.”

Now if *habit*, in either *virtue* or *vice*, constitute a *sort of second nature*, as philosophers contend, how strange it is that men, having the use of reason to govern their choice in the adoption of either, should almost universally give preference to the *latter*. I say it is strange that men, possessing the *light of reason*, should make such a choice; be-

cause the advantages in life, and the consolations in death, which are derived from the *former*, give it so decided a preference, that these cannot stand together in *doubtful competition*, for a moment, at least, in the eye of the rational mind. To go a little further on this head, and to trace out the cause of this *election*, it will be found to have its origin in the depravity of man ; and from this source only it is deducible. Thus, man in a state of nature chooseth *evil* rather than *good* ; and, in the choice of *pleasure*, uniformly consults his *inclination*, rather than his *judgment* ; which will account for the phenomena of so many *vices* ever to be found where social intercourse prevails.—It is a pretty saying of *Thales*—“ Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the “ ears are from the eyes.—By which he would intimate, that “ a wise man should not easily give credit to the report of “ actions which he has not seen.”—*Cicero*, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from *general scandal*, says very handsomely and with much reason, “ There are many who “ have particular engagements to the prosecutor : there are “ many who are known to have ill-will, towards him for whom “ I appear : there are many who are naturally addicted to “ defamation, and envious of any good to any man, who “ may have contributed to spread reports of this kind ; for “ nothing is so swift as scandal—nothing more easily sent “ abroad—nothing received with more welcome—nothing dif- “ fuses itself so universally. I shall not desire, that if any “ report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would “ overlook, or extenuate it. But if there be any thing ad- “ vanced by a person who cannot say whence he had it, or “ which is attested by one who forgot who told him it ; or “ who had it from one of so little consideration, that he did “ not then think it worth his notice ;—all such testimonies “ as these, I know, you will think too slight, to have any “ credit against the innocence and honor of your fellow- “ citizen !”

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The reason why *defamation* or *detraction* is so universally prevalent, must be obvious. *Vice* is ever envious of *virtue*, as *deformity* is of *beauty*, as *ignorance* is of *knowledge*, as *vil-lainy* is of *worth*, or *incapacity* of *merit*; and *envy* is the soil most congenial to *slander*; in which it flourishes abundantly. Thus, when one man does not possess equal excellence with another, it is highly gratifying and *conciliatory* to the human heart, to *detract* from his *merits* or his *virtues*; because this reduces him to a level with his neighbours; and *equality* in *merit* and *virtue*, is what the envious heart is always aiming at; for it cannot bear the mortification of *superiority*.

TRIM.

APOSTROPHE TO VIRTUE AND CANDOUR.

***** However men may differ in opinion ; it nevertheless becomes every one, to conform himself to the settled rules of decorum and decency. The violation of these rules is the wilful forfeiture of character, and every just claim to respect.—*Anger* is a *fool*, but *Malice* is a rank *scoundrel* ; and he who is advised by either, will soon become a *worthless fellow*.—Or however highly we may value our own opinion, we should always have due respect for the opinions and advice of others. This is the strongest proof of an enlightened mind and a generous heart. The man who is too confident in his own judgment, is most subject to be imposed on, because he will not be advised. A wise man will listen to the counsel of a friend ; but a weak man is ever ready to believe every one, *fool* or *foe*, who will subscribe to his opinion. *Self-opinion* is the rock on which many split ; but *candour* steers by with care and discretion. Party spirit is a dangerous thing ; for a man who acts in colleague with party, cannot always act independently ; he is very liable to sacrifice his judgment to his inclination. When men are lost to *Virtue*, they frequently assume the appearance of it, the better to accomplish their designs ; and this leads to *Hypocrisy*, which is a species of the most refined *villainy*. He who practises this abominable cant, always carries two faces ; and when he intends an *injury*, makes the fairest professions of *Friendship*. Such men, of all others, are the most dangerous. *Treachery* is of the same family, and twin-sister to *Hypocrisy*. She glories in the vile sacrifice of *faith* and *honour*, and in the base violation of oaths and pledges.

“ Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee, undivulged crimes,
Unwhip'd of justice !”

A vicious mind readily attains the summit of human depravity ; which Dryden has most happily described in the following beautiful couplet :—

“ Ill habits gather, by unseen degrees ;
As brooks run rivers ; rivers run to seas.”

Let the *perjure* ask his conscience, how he attained such a height of diabolical wickedness ? *Virtue* alone merits reward, whilst vice has its certain punishment. *Virtue* is the sheet-anchor of the soul, on which she rides,

“ Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
“ The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !”

“ *Un jour passé dans la pratique, de la vertu et de la religion, vaut mieux, que toute la vie passé—dans la méchanceté.*” — Yet it is an easy thing with *envy*, to give *merit* and *virtue* an ill name. *Slander* is very apt in the exercise of her *sable* talents !

Oh, *VIRTUE* !! what art thou ? *Heaven-born being*—*Justice* and *Integrity* are thy *guardian angels*. *Thy kingdom*, once the *heart of man*—but alas ! how are we fallen.

“ Who has a breast so pure,
“ But some uncleanly apprehensions,
“ Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit,
With meditations lawful.”

Oh, *CANDOUR* !! what art thou ? *Earth-born child*, of heavenly descent!—the most generous principle of the mind—*fair daughter of reason—sister of charity, and companion of benevolence*.

TRIM.

FEAR, A FRAGMENT.

ON THE AFFECTIONS OF THE HUMAN HEART.

HE had proceeded thus far into the interior and most solitary part of the vault—all was darkness—all silence; save the hollow sound of his footsteps, which were repeated at the extremity of the cave, in deep murmurs. He knew not which way to turn, in order to mark out his way; and dreaded to move to the right or left: perchance one false step should cast him into pits or sub-caverns, yet further from light and safety—He was lost, and without help—horror and dismay seized his heart—his head ran wild, with terrific ideas of *spirits, shades, and spectres*. How different are the sensations of the affrighted culprit, who hides himself in dells or caverns, from the vengeance of offended justice, and seeks these dread abodes as a place of refuge. The fear of that fate which awaits him, (predominant in his mind) overcomes the more insignificant fears, of *harm imaginary*.—The reader will see in this little picture, the nature of *human weakness*, and be assured, that *the affections of the heart will always govern his passions and his conduct.* * * * * *

TRIM.

CUPID'S TELEGRAPH.

MR. EDITOR—SIR,

AT a very considerable town where I have lately been, I find that the fashionable circles are much beforehand with us at Sheffield, in the mysteries of *signals*, which are there reduced to *system*, and rendered subservient to the affections of the heart and the obligations of parties. For example, if a gentleman *want a wife*, he wears a ring or a diamond on the first finger of the left hand. If he be *engaged*, he wears it on the second finger; if *married*, on the third; and on the fourth, if he *never intend to be married*.—When a lady is *not engaged*, she wears a hoop or diamond on the first finger; if *engaged*, on the second finger; if *married*, on the third; and on the fourth, if *she intend to die a maiden*.—When a gentleman presents (with the left hand) a *flower*, a *fan*, or a *trinket* to a lady, it is an overture on his part of regard. If she receive it by the *left hand*, it is an acceptance of his esteem; but if by the *right hand*, it is a refusal of the offer.—Thus, by a few simple tokens explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed; and, through the medium of “CUPID'S TELEGRAPH,” kindred hearts communicate. This *system* is truly eligible, as it enables the *tender votaries of Hymen*, to express the fond feelings of their hearts, with silence and secrecy, at pleasure. What I have detailed, is only a part of a larger system; but my stay being short, I had not time to learn the whole. When I next visit this place, I will endeavour to obtain the residue, that I may lay before you, a full catalogue of the signals employed in this new and most valuable scheme; hoping thereby to merit

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the thanks of the ladies of Sheffield ; and, in the mean time, I leave them to put in practice the little which is here published ; heartily wishing success to each of them, in the way to happiness and to Hymen's altar.

And am,

Mr. Editor, Sir,

Your obsequious servant,

TIMOTHY TRAMP.

Sheffield, Sept. 10, 1807.

Biographical Sketches.

WEALTH AND ECCENTRICITY.

IN the following sketch, of the life of Mr. Thelluson, the reader will find, that he possessed an insatiable desire of wealth, accompanied by an unnatural eccentricity of mind, which strikingly evince, the *arbitrary force of human will* :—

Peter Isaac Thelluson, a native of France, and many years resident, as a merchant, in England, died in 1798. He left a property of 700,000*l.* with the following remarkable will :—In legacies to his wife and children, not quite 100,000*l.* The residue he left to trustees, to accumulate, and be laid out in estates, in England, until all the male children of his sons and grandsons be dead. The term of accumulation cannot, probably, be less than from 90 to 120 years. If it should terminate at the former period, the property will amount to 35,000,000*l.* If at the latter, to 140,000,000*l.* And if, at this time, he has no lineal descendants, the whole estate is to be sold, and the money applied to the SINKING FUND, under the direction of parliament. The heirs at law have since petitioned the Court of Chancery to set aside the will, but without success.

TRIM.

THE

VICISSITUDES

OF

LIFE;

OR,

REVERSES OF FORTUNE:

As pourtrayed in the Life of Theodore, King of Corsica.

THEODORE, King of Corsica, was the son of Anthony, Baron de Newhest and de Stein, in Westphalia, who marrying the daughter of a merchant, thereby incurred the hatred of his relations, and was obliged to emigrate to France. By the interest of the Duchess of Orleans, he obtained a place at the court of Lorrain. Theodore Stephen, his son, was born at Metz, and was brought up by the same illustrious lady. He was for some time in the service of the famous Baron de Gortz, the Swedish minister: but when that enterprising statesman was executed at Stockholm, he went to Madrid, and entered into the Spanish service. Soon after this, he married a Spanish lady, by whom he had a son, who was afterwards known in this country by the name of Colonel Frederick. Theodore next went to France, and had some concern with Law, the Scotch adventurer. In 1736, he landed in Corsica, the inhabitants of which were then in a state of insurrection against the Genoese. The same year, he was crowned king, and received the oath of fidelity from

his principal subjects, and the acclamation of the people. The state of Genoa declared him and his adherents traitors ; but Theodore having mustered an army of 25,000 men, was enabled to make head against his enemies, and captured the city of Bastia. He greatly relied on some foreign powers, for support ; but England and France strictly forbade their subjects, from assisting the malcontents. However, he received large sums of money, and instituted a military order on the island, called the Order of Deliverance ; but the failure of the expected succours, soon changed the face of his affairs. He therefore resolved on quitting the island ; having first appointed deputies, to manage affairs in his absence. He went from thence in disguise, and after visiting different places, he came to Naples ; where he was seized, and carried into the fortress of Culta. On obtaining his liberty, he came to England, where he was reduced to the most wretched state of poverty, and was thrown into the King's Bench prison, for debt.—*In 1756, he took the benefit of the act of insolvency, and registered his kingdom for the benefit of his creditors, at Guildhall.*—He died at his tailor's, in 1756, and was interred in the burying-ground of St. Ann's, Soho ; where a marble monument was afterwards erected to his memory, by the Honorable Horace Walpole.

This short biographical sketch of King Theodore, furnishes some remarkable vicissitudes and reverses of fortune, which strikingly chequered his life, and speak as loudly to the judgment, as to the feelings of the reader, and from which we may draw three important inferences. First, that Providence has destined some men to be the sport of fortune, as lessons and examples to others, the better to effect her own mysterious purposes. Secondly, that riches and honours are vain baubles of transitory and uncertain enjoyment ; affording no real happiness, save in the humble, grateful, and benevolent use of them, according to the divine

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will. And thirdly, that this life is probationary. Hence, wisdom is the greatest gain ; which teaches, that he who would be happy, must be virtuous ! The advantage, therefore, of living, does not consist in wealth, health, honours, powers, or length of days ; but in the right use and improvement of them.—“ As many days as we pass, then, “ without doing good, are so many days entirely lost.”—“ Life rolls on like a torrent ; the past is no more than a “ dream ; the present, when we think we have hold of it, “ slips thro’ our hands, and mingles with the past. And let “ us not vainly imagine that the future will be of a different “ quality.”

TRIM.

STANZAS

TO

FRIENDSHIP.

AH ! *solitude*, thy gloomy mein,
 Nor joy, nor hope imparts.
 Yet joy and hope alone were given,
 To cheer our drooping hearts.

Then let me fly thy *sullen* shades,
 With social souls to live.
 For *friendship* only is the name,
 Which sacred joy can give.

As by the joy of *hope* we feel
Anticipation sweet ;
 So in *participation*'s charms,
 True joy can only meet.

Hence endless pleasures flowing free,
 Would *joyless* prove in heaven ;
 Should Jove refuse a *friend* to share,
 The bounteous pleasures given.

TRIM, 1801.

SONNET TO WINTER.

THE whistling winds and falling snows,
 Bespeak the season drear ;
 As winter, on his *iron car*,
 Proclaims the falling year.

Now sparkling glass, and warm fire-side,
 Invite the *social soul* ;
 And friends with friends, agree to share,
 The smiling *festive bowl*.

Whilst mirth and friendship rule *below*,
 Let tempests rule *above* ;
 For place and seasons are all one,
 To *friendship* and to *love*.

Give me a *friend* to pass the hour,
 In winter's *darksome* night ;
 Not sweeter, then, fair summer's eve,
 Tho' clad in robes of *light*.

TRIM, 1801.

—o—

EPIGRAM
ON A PEDANT

FROM school comes, Cognoscus—a learned young bore,
 With *brains*, which *Greek*, *Latin*, and *Hebrew* encumber !
 E'en let him return,—since this world *looks* for more,
 Than a *look*, *full of SELF*,—and a *head*, *full of LUMBER* !

SACRED ODE.

IN sunshine seasons, snow or rain,
 On cloud-capp'd hill, or verdant plain ;
 On heathy wild, or thymy hill ;
 Or by the soft meandering rill.
 In every scene, in every place,
 Thy hand, ALMIGHTY LORD, I trace !

Whether reclined, where SPRING inspires her gales,
 To wake the blooms, the blossoms, and the flowers ;
 Flings from her dewy hand, o'er all the vale,
 The sweet *creations*, of her happiest hours ;
 Bids all her soft voluptuous breezes blow,
 While perfumes rise around, and fragrance breathes
 below.

Or whether SUMMER, from her burning throne,
 Pours all her thunders on their rolling way ;
 Or shakes the arrowy lightnings from her zone,
 Streaming terrific 'thwart the solar ray ;
 Tremendous peals, and flashes that appal,
 Proclaim the mighty GOD ! the FATHER !—LORD of all.

Or whether AUTUMN, in her mild sojourn,
 Lead on the tranquil hours—her numerous shadowy
 trains ;
 Or pours soft vapours from her trickling urn,
 Wide o'er the twilight plains.

Or WINTER rove through all the *leafless* woods,
Or on the mountain bare his giant form ;
In tempests swell to heaven the *tortur'd* floods,
And guide triumphant the *conflicting* storm ;
Howl in the blast, or barb the frost severe,
And *grimly* smile upon the ravag'd year.

Still it is GOD !—*the good*, first moving cause,
Who gives the whirlwind and the thunder laws ;
Author of Nature !—*Lord of Earth and Air* !
The *source* of Being, and the *end* of Prayer ;
The powerful Governor,—*alone* to be ador'd,
FIRST, LAST, AND PRESENT—Everlasting LORD !

A

SUMMARY ANSWER,

IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED

A SHORT TALE,

IN REPLY TO A CERTAIN PAMPHLET JUST PUBLISHED,

ENTITLED,

THE

Chapter of Accidents,

BY MOSES PINDAR. ESQ.

"In alienis vitiis natura sumus oculati, non in nostris."

"Sweet bird! that cheer'st the heavy hours
"Of winter's dreary reign;
"Oh! still exert thy tuneful pow'rs,
"And pour the vocal strain."

INVOCATION TO "COCK ROBIN."

IN days of yore, A. M. 2108, Abraham begat Isaac,
and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judas and his

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brethren, which, according to the new version, reads thus :

“ *and the earth was filled with them* ”
“ *and the earth was filled with them* ”
“ *and the earth was filled with them* ”
“ *and the earth was filled with them* ”

From this little scrap of chronological, patriarchal, and historical biography, we find that even in those days *consequence* resulted from *cause*, and after this manner man multiplied and replenished the earth : thus, by a just revolution of matter and motion, in *OUR DAY*, under Providence, “ *We are what we are*,” and as such shall be recorded in the great book of generation. It will be unnecessary for me to pursue this strain of reasoning any further, as I think I have proved, to demonstration, by ratiocination, the concatenation of cause and consequence, from the days of Abraham, of antediluvian memory, even unto our own day. Next then of the wonders of the world, and next of the wonders of the week.

First then, historians tell us—that the wonders of the world, in ancient days, were seven, namely :—The Colossus of Rhodes—The Mausoleum, or Sepulchre of Mausolus—The Palace of Cyrus, King of the Medes—The Pyramids of Egypt—The Statue of Jupiter, in the City of Olympia—The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus—and the Walls of Babylon. But the wonders of modern days far exceed these.

“ *A man of the name of Lewis, in the neighbourhood of Alvanley, in the county of Chester, has, we are credibly informed, ten children, who measure twenty yards long.*”—This, though very *wonderful*, yet is not half so *wonderful* as *the wonder of the week*, which is a *wonderful* pamphlet, published by *Moses Pindar, Esq.* under the *wonderful* title of “ *The Chapter of Accidents.*”

Having purchased this pamphlet, I put it in my pocket, and walked to my garden ; where, in a pleasant (and cool)

retirement, I leisurely and attentively perused it. The contents called forth no other emotion than that of a smile; but reminded me of a circumstance that some time since happened to an intimate friend of mine, which story is truly as follows:

One day, as my friend was sitting at his window, a wasp for some time buzzed about his ears, and, at length, settled upon his face, which (from the venomous nature of the insect) caused a momentary alarm; but this soon subsided, for he caught it by the wings, and attentively examining it, to his great surprise found it had no sting. Filled with pity for the loss the poor insect had sustained, he threw up the sash, and calmly let it fly, with this memorable and compassionate observation:—

“ GO, POOR DEVIL ! FOR THERE'S NO HARM IN
THEE.”

In reading Mr. Pindar's pamphlet, I confess, that by the way, I could not discover what he was *labouring to prove*: but when I had come to the end, I found that ARGUMENTATION was no part of his *scheme*, and in this I commend his idea. Logic and reason were invented by *Mr. Locke* and others, for the use only of a few who are willing to become the *slaves of science*.—And independently of rule and reason, how easy it is to fill up a sheet of paper with paragraphs, periods, and senseless phrases: for instance, let us suppose JUPITER to be a RYE LOAF, and VENUS a CHESHIRE CHEESE; then, question how many living souls would be able to masticate these in a month, allowing each 3lb. per day: and how much *ten-penny ale* would be required to wash the whole down? Or suppose, that *two geese* and a *gander*, with *fourteen goslings*, should be able to drink one quart of water each, per day, how soon would these drink up the sea, and what would be, the best diet to such a beverage? Or suppose, a *snail* should set out from London, how soon would

it arrive at BUENOS AYRES, travelling at the *moderate* rate of 50 miles per day, and allowing reasonable time for refreshment? After this manner, or to the like effect, *Mr. Pindar* has *scribbled and reasoned, and reasoned and scribbled*, until he had produced sufficient matter for a *six-penny pamphlet*; and which, by the management of his printer, *has been displayed to every advantage*. As I have travelled through the country, I have sometimes seen *young steeds* let loose upon the pasture, full of life and spirits, bounding from fence to fence with furious speed, unconscious of labour or restraint, which shortly must be taught 'em in the hands of the breaker, *by many galling stripes*. But let us turn our eyes to the horse which has been hackneyed to the road; see him buckled to the shafts of a heavey burthen, and mark how steady he leans upon his collar, treading the path of duty!

In plain English then, *Mr. Pindar's pamphlet* is a tale all about *something* of which no person, by the rules of right reason, can make *any thing*; and, therefore, it comes to *nothing* at the last, saving the mortification of disappointment.

Thus when a long story ends flat, (*after putting patience in the pillory*) it strongly irritates the splenetic and acrimonious humours of the human system, and physically makes men sour. Moreover, I certainly blame *Mr. Pindar*, that he did not answer sooner. After a lapse of nearly two months, the public, with myself, had expected, at the least, two or more volumes of *incontrovertible and irrefutable argumentation*, in reply to "*Poor Cock Robin*;" for, "*The mountains were said to be in labour, and uttered most dreadful groans. People came together far and near to see what birth would be produced, and, after they had waited a considerable time in expectation, out crept—a mouse.*"

To-day I applied to *Mr. Pindar's printer*, of whom I purchased a third pamphlet, and requested to be informed of his real name and character, but he declined the enquiry, saying, that the author was gone out of town for a fortnight, and

that he had enjoined secrecy until his return. I was at a loss at the first how to divine the reason of such conduct, but, after a moment's reflection, it appeared obvious to me that Mr. Pindar entertained some doubts, as to the reception by the public, of his extraordinary essay or lucubration ; and, therefore, had very prudently retired within the shades of obscurity, until popular opinion should have decided if *Fame* would crown his labours with approbation *and deck his brow with laurels*, and that under the auspices of this flattering test only, he would declare himself. Now, on this head I am sorry that I cannot sooth Mr. Pindar's ear with comfort, and report to him favourable things. However, if I cannot flatter, I will at the least be just.

Know then, *O, Moses!* that the public have condemned thee and thy *apocryphal book*. Some years past, *Sir Joseph Banks* discovered that *lops* were not *lobsters* ; and be assured, *O, Moses!* that the critics of *Sheffield* have also discovered that thou art no *Pindar*. *O, Moses!* thou has astonished me and all that have *read thy six-penny labours*. Read *Watts*, and learn the art of logic, reason and demonstration, which will tend to thy advantage. Learn *Greek*, and read *Pindar* ; then thou wilt find, that he was a *Poet*, and not a *nonsensical paraphrastical scribbler*. When the printer declined the pamphleteer's name, at that moment I concluded to *cry his work by the mouth of the Town's Bellman*, and to offer *one farthing* reward for the author's real name ; but, on further deliberation, I recanted this measure, under the strongest conviction that *the reward, exceeded the worth of the animal* : a friend of mine has, however, promised that before the *change of next moon*, he can and certainly will obtain his name. The arrival of this period I wait with patient expectation, and in the mean time I recommend *Moses* to prepare his stomach for the reception of a little medicine, which he may rely will be faithfully administered, *if Moses* shall prove to be a man meriting physical care and attention ; and whish, I flatter myself,

will not fail to cure him of the unfortunate *epilepsy in the head*, under which he has lately laboured.—*Moses*, in his *copper plate frontispiece cut upon wood*, has introduced the *Devil* sitting with his *back* towards the author of “*Cock Robin*,” which certainly is a very *blythe idea*, and intimates, by rational inference, that they have *no acquaintance*: nevertheless, as *Moses* has raised the *Devil*, I warn him to *take heed of himself*; for there is always danger when the *Devil* is at hand, because when he cannot catch one, he will (as I am told) take another.

It is related, that the *Witch of Endor* raised the *ghost of Samuel*; but some have differed from this opinion, believing that it was an *evil spirit* in the likeness of *Samuel*; for they contend that an *evil and wicked enchantress* could have no power over the good prophet and judge of Israel; however, when the *spirit* appeared, the *sorceress* was both *astonished and alarmed*; which proves that by her *incantation*, she had provoked a *spirit*, which in truth she did not expect. Now, if I do not augur wrong, *Mr. Pindar*, alias ‘*Modern Moses*,’ has, by his *incantation*, provoked a *spirit* which will disturb his peace. Better then for him had it still rested in sleep.—In justice to the *gentlemen* who were originally concerned in this dispute, I feel no difficulty in acquitting them of any share in the “*Chapter of Accidents*,” as I cannot believe any of them capable of such a *senseless, spiritless, unlogical, trifling, and unmeaning style of authorship*.

To conclude, “*Oh, Moses!*” thou hast unfeelingly insulted the ashes of the most celebrated lyric author Greece ever produced. Hadst thou subscribed ‘*Moses*’ *only*, (which in latter days is used in ordinary acceptation as a term of derision) it would have been truly characteristic of thy work; but to add *PINDAR** to it, *O! shame upon thee!! The manes*

* *Pindar*, the Greek poet, was born about 40 years before the expedition of Xerxes against the Greeks, and has been termed the Prince of

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*of the dead will rise in judgment against thee!!! The living
have sent thee to Coventry already!!!*

CORPORAL TRIM.

Sheffield, Friday, Jan. 16, 1807.

Lyrics. He was a native of Thebes, the capital of Boetia, and died at the age of 55. The Grecians allowed part of the presents intended for the *gods*, to be allotted to this *poet*, and erected a magnificent statue to his memory.

To the Editor of the Manchester Observer.

SIR,

THE inclosed letter I received yesterday from an old friend of mine, and a former correspondent of your's; which I hand to you for insertion, as the shortest and best way of laying it before his friends at large; whose numbers, I flatter myself, have not been diminished by his misfortunes, but rather increased, and more closely united in the bond of social esteem; *which I have reason to believe is the case, from the general expression of respect, in every company where I have heard his name mentioned, since his departure from Manchester.* —The letter itself, as a hasty production for private perusal, in my humble judgment, does no discredit to the Corporal's head, *and the sentiment still less to his heart.* And though I have not his permission to commit it in charge to you for publication, I have ventured to do so, taking to myself all responsibility.

As a warm admirer, and well-wishing friend of the Corporal, I shall on this occasion subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

UNCLE TOBY.*

Manchester, June 16, 1819.

* The late Doctor Watson.

DEAR DOCTOR,

THIS I address to you from John o' Gaunt's Tower, now dedicated as a temple to genius and philosophy, and sometimes vulgarly called Lancaster-Castle; into which place I have been driven by *many* losses, *more* follies, *some* neglect, and *a smattering* of cross providence, which has attended my steps, with more peculiar assiduity, during the last two years. Nevertheless, I can look back on the past scenes of my life, which are strongly chequered with good and evil, happiness and disquietude, without any painful emotions of remorse, which only serve to feed melancholy, and nurse despondence.

"Life's a jest, and all things shew it;
"I thought so once, but now I know it."

Too much care cankers the soul, and incessant labour undermines the stoutest constitution. So, too much study corrodes the mind, and destroys its best energies; as rust and mould destroy the finest polish: for which causes, it is my practice to dissipate care, and soften labour, by reasonable recreation; and, above all things, never to sit brooding too long on subjects of deep reflection, or indulge the mind, when it invites to murky melancholy.

The natural order of things in this sublunary world, though fixed in principle, is subject to constant change; for which reason, riches, honours, health, strength, and life itself, are as uncertain as the winds, and as unstable as the waves. Wherefore, man is never so truly happy as he thinks himself, or half so miserable as he sometimes believes—for no one knows what the morrow may bring forth. Then why should foolish, fretful man, under the hourly chance and change of fortune,

(which he can neither command nor avert) surrender himself a willing victim to despair. Believe me, dear Sir, that in the midst of my misfortunes, and the plenitude of my late perplexity, I have never been forsaken of *hope*; as I am confident, that, the resources of my future happiness and prosperity, are within myself, under an ever-ruling Providence. Thus, *hope* is the undeviating consolation of my mind, and the sheet-anchor of my soul.—In the school of adversity, men learn wisdom; and though a soldier finds little rest in the field of battle, he always meets with experience, which teaches him how to encounter danger, and overcome his next foe with greater advantage.

Since my arrival here, my health has been daily improving; my nerves are grown strong and steady; and my habits of life, as well as my thoughts of mankind in general, quite changed. On my return to Manchester, you will find me an altered man; and, I hope, for the better; and surely, it is making a right use of the understanding, to turn past misfortunes to future advantage. We have an old proverb, that “good is frequently derived from evil,” which I choose to quote on the present occasion, because I deem it not altogether inapplicable.

Now and then, I get a scrap of news from Manchester, which is sometimes flattering to my pride, and congenial to my feelings;—at other times, tinctured with gall; but the tongues of malicious babblers are always busy with the secret history, as well as public reputation, of a fallen character. Such only have my pity; for they cannot provoke my anger. Few men, who have moved or mixed in public life, are without enemies; and though I am confident, that I am not without, yet, I flatter myself, I have at least some friends left, with whom I hope again to enjoy “*the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.*”

In this college of practical philosophy, I have leisure to reflect and moralize on the past follies of life, and to lay the

plans of future action, with deliberation and discretion.—Here, I am neither tortured by anxiety, nor fretted by impatience, save what I feel, (*and naturally feel*) for an affectionate partner;—whose virtues and constancy have rendered her doubly dear to me,—and whose future happiness shall be the first object of my thoughts, and the last care of my life.

A manufacturer from Bolton, last week visited his friend, a debtor in the Castle. The latter enquired, “ Pray, how “ are things in general with you at Bolton ?” “ Very bad, “ indeed,” said the Boltonian; “ I heartily wish I was with “ you; for here I find neither care nor sadness, but health “ and cheerfulness; which are almost strangers in our streets. “ The next time I am sued, it is my determination to pay “ nothing to the lawyers, if a groat would save me from “ jail. These *rogues* have long *fattened* on the spoils of their “ neighbours. In future, then, their wives may learn to “ spin, and themselves to use the spade, for any gain they'll “ get by me.”—It is as much out of my province, as out of my power, to account for the arrangement of this man's ideas, or satisfactorily to explain the principles of his new philosophy. But this I know, that every man is happy, and truly happy, who thinks himself so, without any manner of reference to time or place.—*Ergo*, the inside of a *prison* is nothing less convenient to the purposes of happiness, than the inside of a *palace*; if it be true that happiness (which, simply defined, means *tranquillity*, or *peace of mind*) is to be found only beneath a man's own bosom.—Whilst I am upon the subject of happiness, (which is an object of no mean consideration) and a little in the way of anecdote, I shall take the liberty of introducing a short story, which strongly exemplifies the position here adduced.—“ On the banks of the Tweed, an honest “ Scottish *Crowder* built himself a neat little cottage, the “ fruits of many years *festive labour*: unfortunately for

“ him, in the winter of 1775, if chronicles tell true,
 “ there happened a great flood ; which for some time
 “ threatened, and at last destroyed, his peaceful cot.—His
 “ wife and himself, had just quitted this *palladium of*
 “ *peace*, and were looking on with anxious expectation,
 “ when the torrent suddenly erased and carried it away.—
 “ The feelings and expressions of this once happy pair, were
 “ very different indeed.—*Jenny* was inconsolable, and tore
 “ her hair ; but *Sawney* was a better philosopher ; and, to
 “ compose the frantic ravings of his disconsolate rib, in-
 “ stantly began a *gude* melody on his *Cratch*, gaily singing
 “ the following extempore stanza :—

“ *Jenny dear*, it makes no matter,—
 “ It came *by wind*, and goes *by water* ;
 “ But thou art left, *my Jenny fair*,
 “ My only joy, my only care.”

The melody of the air, and the affectionate ecstacy of *Sawney*, soon brought back *that peace* to *Jenny*’s mind, which far exceeds the price of house or land.—This anecdote, though short, may serve to prove, that *genuine happiness* is little dependant on outward things, *having its spring and abode in the human heart*.

Amongst the number of my former acquaintance, I have heard of *one viper*, who has occasionally sat down at my table, and, over a glass of wine, was ever foremost to congratulate me, on any trifling cause of congratulation, with all the zeal and sanctified appearance of sincere friendship ; and who, since my departure from Manchester, has glutted his *black heart* on the sickening food of *base detraction*.—This wolf in sheep’s clothing, this snake in the grass, I shall leave to his own thoughts ; sincerely hoping, that time and reflection may purge his crimes, and amend his conduct.

“ I still shall hate that man as hell,
 “ Who this can say, and that can tell.”

Pope has given us a humorous and quaint distinction between "a man," and "a fellow," in the following *dry* couplet:—

"Worth makes *the man*, the want of it, *the fellow*;
"The rest is all, but leather and prumello."

With a mind constituted like mine, the *gloom* of a prison may be endured without *melancholy*; and the *restraints* of a jail sustained without *impatience*.—Could you see me in some of my most serious and *most happy* moments—"Like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief," you would *envy my serenity*.—Then let me, with the poet, sing—

"Blest with freedom unconfin'd,
"Dungeons cannot hold the soul;
"Who can chain the immortal mind?
"None but he who spans the pole!"

Since my arrival here, I have acquired *three fresh ideas of a jail*, which may be compared to "a pinfold—a pawnbroker's shop—or the King's dry-dock at Liverpool."—First, a pinfold is a place where "*wanton animals*" are lodged and detained, until satisfaction be made for damage and trespass committed—so is a jail. Secondly, a pawnbroker takes in *goods* as a *jailer* takes in *bodies*, subject to redemption. And lastly, a dry-dock is a place where *leaky hulls* are laid up for repair—and so is a prison.

In Wardle's last Manchester *Observer*, under title "Correspondence," I find the following notice:—"We recognize "in *John of Gaunt*, an old friend with a new face.—His "attack upon *Joe, the Giant*, is very severe—we must pause "a little before we give it publicity."—I am aware, that the public at large will attribute this communication to me; and under late and present circumstances, it is natural to presume that the greater part will believe it to be mine. But I

solemnly declare to you, that I am not the writer or author, or in any manner privy to it. Neither had I any knowledge of such a paper, until I met with the above note to Correspondents.

Therefore, with *Macbeth*, permit me to exclaim—

“Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
“Thy gory locks at me.”

During the late “*public impeachment*,” which I maintained single-handed, for several months, without consulting or advising with any one, and without *personal animosity*, or *peculiar interest*, save what was due to my own feelings and character, as a man, I frequently received the *ephemeral applause* of the public in *GENERAL*; but to this hour I have never been indemnified for the *heavy expences* I sustained, independently of the *labour* I bestowed in exposing *local abuses*, and *civilising* certain subordinate officers, set in authority over the inhabitants.—So much for the *liberality* of “*a generous Manchester public*,” whose *gratitude* is not unlike “*a midsummer frost*,” which is *generally short, and always unprofitable*. After this *experience*, I should be worse than *a fool*, to continue a contest, in which I can hope to find nothing but *labour and cost*, without recompence or indemnity.

Solomon says, all is *vanity and vexation, trouble of mind and spirit*—and, verily, I believe him.—“*Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

Before I conclude, permit me to give you a French proverb, which is one of the best I ever met with for a *jail motto*—

“*Pas de bien, peu de soin.*”

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Well—well—let the world will and wag as it may, there yet remain a few “choice spirits” in MANCUNIUM, who now, and then *pathetically* mutter,

“*Alas! poor Corporal,*”—

whilst others, with hearts as *hard and obdurate* as a cobler’s *lap-stone*, exultingly exclaim—

“Where he’s gone, or how he fares,
“Nobody knows, and nobody cares.”

So now, to every friend and every foe, be peace and plenty—concord and charity. Meanwhile, believe me to remain—*semper eadem*—and unalterably,

Dear Doctor,

Your *faithful* friend,

But *wanton* servant,

CORPORAL TRIM.

**Columbarium of Saint George,
Lancaster, 14th of June, 1819.**

DEAR DOCTOR,

IN my last **BULL** letter, comprising a long train of melancholy "*Prison Thoughts*," I promised you some atonement, by a little harmless pleasantry, in my next; and have taken up a *senseless* goose quill, (which was plucked from the wing of a gander in the dear native isle of green *Erin*) to redeem the covenant made to you. I remember also, giving you a short account of my daily avocations and exercise, but forgot to say a word on the subject of "*diet and beverage*," which have contributed no little to the improvement of my health, and maintenance of my *spirits*. In a word, then, my diet is plain and wholesome, and my *beverage simple*. At dinner, I drink "*aqua pumpagenes*;" and at supper, nothing stronger than "*duck punch*;" and, by the practice of this insignificant rule, I am *up* with the Parson, and *down* upon the Doctor. For Parsons frequently preach more temperance than they practise; whilst Physicians, of the first celebrity, *gravely* tell us, "*it is better to rise with an appetite, than sit down to table without one*;" though we seldom find these "*professors of health*," running away from a hospitable dinner, or a good glass of wine.

Again, philosophers of old have left us many lessons for *sensual mortification*; and some of them, (in their day and generation) have *seriously asserted*, "*that pain is no evil*;" and in later times, our *moderns* preach up "*self-denial and continence*," with a face *as long as a fiddle*. After all, "*a good dinner is better than a bad precept*," let Doctors and Parsons say what they will; and for my part, I would rather *torture* my guts daily with the former, than bother my brains at all with the latter.

As it is neither my intention, nor promise, to write you a lecture on *physic or philosophy*, I shall endeavour to change

the subject, and get out of the predicament, (into which I have fallen, by a *faux pas*, as the French express it) with as much dispatch as possible; and which brings me at once, without difficulty or pain, to a *musty old story*, called "*Paddy O'Scule, or the Mayor of Cork.*"—At Cork, then, in Ireland, (for where else should it be) the election of "*City Mayor*" came on at the usual period; and for some good reason, which I have never heard, or have since forgotten, the honour of this election fell on "*Paddy O'Scule*," an aged and honest muleteer, who had patiently followed his Neddy, for many long years, through the streets of the city, crying, "*Brown and white sand O.*" which he sold for money, or bartered for rags, at the choice of his customers.—*And "Father O'Scule"* was instantly sworn into office. His regalia comprised a *long purple robe, richly trimmed with ermine, a huge cock'd hat, and civic wig, with a massy gold-headed sceptre, which bespoke as much power as pomp.* Thus equipped, he ascended the chair of authority, surrounded by aldermen, citizens, and burghers; which produced more *amazement and confusion in his head, than comfort in his heart.* At this critical juncture, "*Biddy O'Scule*," his beloved odd rib, (who had been sent for in haste, to receive her share of honours and congratulation) arrived in the presence of her dignified *Lord*; whose sudden metamorphose, had so altered the very contour of his *phiz*, that at first she could not believe her own eyes; and began to exclaim, in a paroxism of doubt, "*Och, honey, is it you? Sure, my dear Paddy, I don't know you.*"—"*Faith, Biddy,*" said Paddy, "*why that is no wonder; for sure, my dear jewel, I don't know myself, as I hope to be sav'd; I'll be curs'd if I do.*"

Thus ends the odd tale of *Paddy O'Scule*,
 And of "*Biddy*," his faithful odd rib;
Late Muyór, and late Mayoreess, of Cork, by my shoule,
 Or the whole of my tale is a fib.

On Monday last, about three in the afternoon, we had a very smart shower of fine warm rain. Just before this, I had been walking round the court of the Castle, for exercise; but found it convenient to retire under the piazzas, which front *my humble abode*, ("THE SNUG") at the distance of about forty yards, where many others had also sought and found shelter; amongst whom, were *Lemuel Lob*, a clod-hopper, from Chowbent, *Walter Whiffle*, a wag, from Liverpool, and a wit by nature, (who displays as much humour and brilliance, as your old friend, *Bill Birch*, of acknowledged celebrity, when he plays up to life in "genteel comedy,") and *Natt Nooks*, a respectable young man, from Manchester; who says, he has occasionally smoked a pipe with you, at "the Pig and Whistle," in the Pork Shambles. For the entertainment of the company, and his own amusement into the bargain, *Whiffle* began to banter *Lob*, on the subject of agriculture; and certainly any one, (a stranger to the parties) who had heard them debate together, would have taken *Whiffle* for a gentleman farmer, of some practice, and still greater theory; though the truth is, (as I am informed) he scarcely knows the difference between a *field cabbage* and a *garden cauliflower*. After raising several laughs against "poor *Lob*," *Whiffle* tauntingly said, "I think, friend *Lob*, such showers as these will spoil little potatoes." "Not at all, (said *Lob*) it will do them much good." *Whiffle* still insisted, that warm showers, at this season of the year, always spoiled little potatoes. "How so?" said *Lob*. "Because it will make them big ones," said *Whiffle*. Here the auditors had another laugh, at the expence of "poor *Lob*"; and so soon as this had subsided, *Whiffle* made a fresh attack upon him.—"Friend *Lob*," said *Whiffle*, "as you have been a farmer, and grazier, for so many years, can you tell me whether *black sheep*, or *white sheep*, drink most water?" "No," said *Lob*, (evidently sore, and somewhat surly) "nor any one else. I never observed any difference." "But

"there is a difference," said *Whiffle*. "Then tell me," said *Lob*, "which drink the most, and I will allow you are a "clever fellow." *Whiffle* said, "white sheep drink most." "Why so?" said *Lob*. "Because there are most of them," said *Whiffle*. A fresh laugh was then raised, more loud and long than the last. *Lob* grew red in the face, with choler; but one, amongst many, he found would avail nothing; and therefore kept silence.—I thought *Whiffle* had done enough at *poor Lob*; but he thought otherwise; and so soon as silence was pretty well restored, *Whiffle* re-commenced his banter—"Pray, Mr. *Lob*," said *Whiffle*, "you "know that two and two make four." "Yes," said *Lob*, "that any fool knows." "Not exactly so," said *Whiffle*; "but as you appear to have *some figures* and arithmetic in "your head—let me suppose, that you should meet with "three black crows in a tree, some morning, as you are "walking round your farm, with your gun on your shoulder, "ready for action; and having crept sufficiently near, you "fire upon them, and kill one—say one from three, and how "many will remain then?" "Why two, to be sure," said *Lob*; and really I thought so myself: but *Whiffle* said *Lob* was mistaken, and that *one* only would remain.—"How so?" said *Lob*. "Because the other two would instantly fly away," replied *Whiffle*. A roar of loud laughter, (a horse laugh, if you please) was once more raised against *poor Lob*—who could not stand *Whiffle's* artillery any longer; and therefore *lobb'd off*, leaving *Whiffle* the victor, in possession of the field.—So soon as *Lob* had retired, *Natt Nooks* took up cudgels in his behalf; *the particulars of which, I shall communicate in my next*.—As this epistle is somewhat *the creature of fancy*, grounded upon *anomolous facts*, it may require some explanation as well as apology. Without trespassing on your patience, then, let it suffice for both; when I tell you, that the contents of my letter are *perfectly harmless*; which is the best defence I can offer for its *inexplicable stultiloquence, and*

extraordinary stupefaction of style—that rip-raps, squibs, crackers, bon mots, and bagatelles, serve to *beguile* an idle hour, and that *light reading* will frequently *entertain*, when a dull heavy subject would clog the mind. If any further apology than this should be necessary, you must make it yourself; as I have neither leisure nor inclination to enter more at large into a *justification* of my own *absurdities*.

Nevertheless, believe me to remain,

Dear Doctor,

Your obsequious servant,

CORPORAL TRIM.

To Doctor Watson, Manchester.

Lancaster, July 1, 1819.

DEAR DOCTOR,

TO resume the subject of my last, and begin where I left off—*Nooks* said that *Whiffle* had been much too hard upon *Lob*, and instantly took up cudgels in his behalf.—Before I proceed, it will be necessary to inform you, that *Nooks* is somewhat genteel, and prides himself rather too much on his *personal* qualifications; but, unfortunately for himself, though he is well proportioned *above* the waist, he fails much in *symmetrical harmony*, *below* the knee. In plain *English*, then, his legs bear no true proportion to the rest of his body; and are just such a pair, as a *Synical* observer would *sarcastically* nickname “spindle-shanks—pipe-stoppers—or drumsticks,” &c. In short, they are not unlike a pair of “*Lancashire thibles*.”—*Whiffle* jocosely asked *Nooks*, if he had a patent to wear them either end up? *Nooks* took high offence, and began to reply uncourteously. But *Whiffle* soon appeased his wrath, by declaring, that he only intended “*a joke*,” and was sorry it had given offence. Upon which *Mr. Nooks* became more temperate; and *Whiffle*, to make amends, complimented *Nooks* on his good sense, and still better temper.—“And now, *Mr. Nooks*,” (said *Whiffle*) with all the good humour imaginable, “allow me to tell you, “that a friend of mine, some years ago, was exactly in “your case—his companions used to *jeer him* incessantly “about his “*cock robin legs*,” as they called them—said, “that nature intended him for a *musician*; and this they “proved, or demonstrated, by asserting, that a man must “be a *musician* by nature, who walked upon “*German flutes*.” Now, *Mr. Nooks*, it may appear strange to you,” said *Whiffle*, “that after all, my old acquaintance has been “quite cured of these natural defects, which had for many

"years been the subject of *more mirth than envy*."—*Nooks* listened to *Whiffle* with manifest attention, but evidently *more interest*.—"Well, (said *Nooks*) how was this accomplished?" *By the advice of a celebrated physician*," said *Whiffle*.—For my part, I thought this was equally impossible, as strange; and many others were of my opinion: but *Nooks* *felt inclined to believe it*; and appeared more interested in the matter, than any of the rest.—"Why, Mr. *Whiffle*," said *Nooks*, "some men will believe nothing, save what they either see, or have seen; but happily for myself, *I have a better faith*. Pray, did you ever see the Doctor's *recipe*?" "I have," said *Whiffle*, "and recollect it to this day—the antidote is both simple and wholesome, when it can be had." "And pray, what is it?" said *Nooks*. "Nay, nay," said *Whiffle*, "you must first promise to pay *bottles round*." "That I'll do," said *Nooks*, "if you'll give it me in writing."—This was instantly agreed to—and *Whiffle* immediately drew out his pocket-book, containing pencil and paper, and wrote down the following *recipe*, and instructions, for the use of *Natt Nooks* :—

"Send your legs to grass, annually, (for six weeks at least)
"during the months of May and June."

This sage advice was read to *Mr. Nooks*, and the rest of the company, by *Gammy Gabble*, a friend of *Whiffle's*. All present laughed loud, and long, save *Nooks*, who look'd "utterable things," and pulled a face as long as "*Solomon Sampson's nose*;" which, according to *Chronicles*, could never learn to talk, but was a d——l to think.—After the various bursts of laughter had fully subsided, *Nooks* still remained silent; and, in order to rally his humour, *Whiffle* very pleasantly asked him, if he could tell, "*how far it was from the north corner of Westminster-bridge to the 1st of September*

next?"—This only made ill worse. *Nooks* walked off, *sans ceremonie*—evidently out of temper, and as much out of countenance, in search of *Farmer Lob*; whose case, and mortification, was not unlike his own. *Mr. Nooks* having retired, the company dispersed; and I walked "home," better entertained with *Whiffle's* wit, than "*a dull comedy*," or a farce torn to tatters by *unfeeling actors*.

about his travels, but more about his guts ; says that he loves a good dinner, and prefers a glass of *sparkling whiskey* to all the stale *wines* in *Christendom* ; and frankly tells you, that it is contrary to his faith, and the religion of his country, to refuse an *hospitable invitation*.—Shortly after *Mr. Calipash* had retired, *Captain Weazle* presented himself, with more bows and obeisance than I can describe. After an hour's consultation, I found that his pecuniary concerns bore a strong resemblance to the times—and wanted a thorough repair. Now and then, he talked *somewhat* largely about the estates of his ancestors ; which, for any thing I know, might *formerly* have been in Ireland ; but at present, they are *neither here nor there, nor any where else*. At least, this is my opinion ; as I shortly discovered, that he could not, for the life of him, tell me where they could be found ; and therefore, I gave up these as a “*forlorn hope* ;” having no relish to hunt after estates, which, for some reason or other, had become *locomotive*, or *transitory*. At last, to get rid of all the perplexities with which he had filled my head, I plainly asked him, if he were able to offer his creditors at large, any thing in the shape of a handsome composition ; and recommended him, to tender them 10s. or 12s. in the pound, according to the state of his funds. This advice so bewildered his brains with amazement, that he instantly exclaimed—“*Och, jewel, now hear me—I swear by St. Patrick, and the powers of that Providence, which brought my old grandmother to the gallows—I have just so much money, that the devil a farding I can offer to any of dem.*”—Thus ended my interview with the honorable *Captain Weazle* ; who, I found, (like many others here) *had every thing, and any thing, left for his creditors—but money*.

Saturday last, being the day appointed by order of sessions, for the service of notices, by plaintiffs, who intended opposing their respective debtors, applying to take the be-

benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act at the next Court, I amused myself, for some time, in critically contemplating the countenances of such as had received this awful warning. These notices, commonly called *notices of opposition*, are by the debtors humorously nicknamed, " *notices of imposition*;" which title, in many cases, is not inapplicable to a conscious recollection of their own past deeds and dealings; and, in others, to the obdurate and implacable conduct of their plaintiffs.—To attempt any thing like a faithful description of the various traits of *hope*—*fear*—*rage*— *vexation*—*grief*—*anger*—*contempt*—*melancholy*, or *despair*, &c. depicted in the various faces, which came under my notice, far surpassed my poor talent. These, therefore, I leave to some more able pen, or the more unerring pencil of some living *Hogarth*.—I cannot, however, quit the subject, without noticing, in particular, *Taffy ap Shenkins*, a *tidy tandy* Welchman, who had flattered himself, that he should walk the course; and had actually packed his *RIDICULE*, and prepared himself for a *march*. As it may appear strange to you, that any well-bred Cambrian should have invaded the rights of the *ladies*, in the use of a *ridicule*, I beg to inform you, that a debtor's *travelling trunk*, *huge wooden box*, or *saddle bags*, are here denominated "*a gentleman's ridicule*."—So soon as *Chippery Shenkins* had received information, that *notice of imposition* had been left for him with the turnkey, he instantly flew to the gates, almost frantic with impatience—and in two minutes afterwards returned to the *snug*—*puffing like a porpoise*, and *squinting like "a duck in thunder."* The colour of his face varied, like the hues of the rainbow—nay, his *very whiskers** changed their colour; and he grinned like *my granny*,

* This fellow's whiskers had once been red; but age had turned them grey, and, such was his senseless pride, that he was in the daily habit of applying an expensive liquid, to turn them black. What, in jail? Yes, in jail, credulous reader!!

at a *hot puff-cake*; or more like a *mule at a nettle*, early in *spring*. Such a state of ferment and fever, I never before witnessed; and what might have been the end of it, I cannot tell, had it not been for the *sudorific vapour*, which suddenly burst forth upon his *NAPPER*, and tagged the *fretful bristles* of his bewildered *PATE*, with *gems of dew*, which glistened like *pearls* upon a *gorse-bush*, at dawn of day, in autumn—and which contributed greatly to allay his fever, and restore nature to her wonted tone. Thus Taffy, in the sequel, became "himself again."

Among the many strange things seen, and to be seen, in this strange place, there is one, though last, not least, in the catalogue of curiosities.—Here, when a debtor finds himself afflicted with tooth-ache, he presents his face at the iron-grate, which opens on the court yard of the Castle, at the time of the *Doctor's* attendance—then opening his "potato-trap," wide as possible, the *Doctor* applies his *forceps*, or *tooth pincers*, to the diseased *Dent*, and extracts it with greater certainty, (and far more *sangfroid*) than an old woman can pluck out her beard with a pair of *twitching tweezers*.—Lest you should mistake the true position of the *Doctor*, and his *patient*, I beg leave to tell you, that during this operation, the *latter* remains inside, and the *former* outside, the gates, ready for running away; though he never quits his station, without taking the fellow's tooth in *his nippers*; and sometimes, *maghāp*, a part of his *jaw-bone*.—*TIM BOBBIN* has left behind him many humorous *portraits* and *gorgons*, in this mystical art; but certainly none, which I have seen, from his able pencil, can equal that which I should here describe.—Just figure to yourself, the form of a poor devil, fast in the *screw* of a merciless operator, grinning through the iron-grate of a prison, worse than any clown through a *horse-collar*, at *Eccles wakes*, for a pound of *tabacco*; and from whom he cannot possibly escape, ~~until the~~

operator's forceps, the patient's tooth, or sufferer's jaw-bone, some or one of them, give way, and dissolve partnership, by mutual consent ; meanwhile writhing with torture, and bawling most hideously with pain ; and you will find in the mind's eye and ear, *a fac simile* of the facts, or droll caricature of this droll and ludicrous scene.—In plain English, I find myself unequal to the task I have attempted ; and must, therefore, leave you to supply the rest of this interesting picture, from the storehouse of your own inventive fancy ; which, I know, is much better furnished with *imagery* than my own.—In my next, leisure permitting, I purpose giving you a short descriptive sketch of *Mr. Noodle*, and *Mr. Doodle*, who are constant companions, and characters of some celebrity here ; and till then, I must also defer an interesting anecdote of *Colonel Cannon*, and *Barney Bon-venture*, a distinguished Cornet of the 16th dragoons ; both of whom, as I am informed, received more *hard* blows than *good* breakfasts, on the field of WATERLOO.—It just strikes me, my dear Sir, that by this time, you are almost wearied, in wandering through the *mazes* and *meanderings* of such a spacious field of *nonsense*. However, for your comfort, let me tell you, that a long foolish letter is a fine subject of exercise for your *patience*—and that patience is a Christian virtue. I have often heard *Luke Longbottom* say, that a wise man will always choose a *long-tempered* woman for his wife. But this, I apprehend, is sometimes difficult ; as such like bargains are not to be found in every *market*. And I have heard my grandmother say, that old *Willy Wood* once had a horse, more *remarkable* for the *length* of his temper, than the *strength* of his limbs—but he, poor fellow, died one day, in “*a fit of patience*,” waiting for fodder. The geometry of this epistle, fairly measured, and squarely cast up, is not unlike *an Egyptian riddle*, which I promise to explain in my next ; and though the length of

it may have wearied your patience, it cannot have *bothered* your understanding. At the worst, it is merely a specimen of *trifling humour, fit for light and easy reading*.—As some of my friends have likened my first *dull* letter to a *tragedy*, they may, if they please, compare this to a *farce*; for which I shall offer no other apology than this—that a *frolicsome after-piece*, is the best antidote which can possibly be administered in relief of *stupor, dullness, and horrific spectacle*. Wherefore, and without more words, believe me to remain, as heretofore,

Dear Sir,

Your's faithfully and sincerely,

CORPORAL TRIM.

To Doctor Watson, Manchester.

Lancaster, July 8, 1819.

TRIM'S SOLILOQUY;
 OR,
 A SPECIMEN OF
SHANDYISM:
 BY WAY OF APOLOGY,
 IN EXCUSE FOR
THE SOLILOQUY ITSELF!!

* * * Misfortunes are common to men !! !
 Here, I am under the necessity of informing my readers, that I cannot give them the *soliлоquy* promised ;——but hope, that, to tell them the fact how this came to pass, will content them. It happened, then, as follows :—After I had finished the *soliлоquy*, and carefully folded it up, I left it on the table of my study, and retired to breakfast.—— I had scarcely been seated two minutes, when BETTY entered the parlour in great haste : Master !——Master !——MAG has got a paper from the study table, and this moment is flown with it in his mouth out of the staircase window. I ran with all haste, but MAG was far enough out of reach.——He had already attained the chimney-top of a house in the adjoining yard ; and before I could get round to the place, he had taken flight—*God knows where.*——I have since made every possible search, and every possible enquiry, for the recovery of it.——

Nay, I have offered a very handsome reward ; but all in vain.

—How grievous are such things ! ! —It was a master-piece of elocution ; replete with fine shades, drawn from the beautiful, the pathetic, and the sublime.

My hopes were quite grounded upon it ; —and I had flattered myself, that the public would reward the author, with the highest approbation and applause.

Such things are grievous, indeed ! ! !*—This same rascal,—MAG,—(for I almost hate his name)—is one of the veriest rascals living.

—I have brought him up, from a nestling, with every possible tenderness and care ; and prettily he has rewarded me.—I had just been reading *Aesop's fable of the frosted serpent*, which stung the little girl who saved its life ; —and, had I caught him at the moment,—he had not lived a moment longer.

—Happily for him, he did not return till after dinner.—I had my pipe in my mouth, and sitting—cross-legg'd—was reading *Sterne*, with my eye on the following passage, as he entered :—“ When

“ Tom, an' please your honour, got to the shop, there was

“ nobody in it, but a poor *Negro-girl*, with a bunch of white

* This *truism* has been verified by the printer, as will be found in the following note :—

As the compositor was at work on *Trim's Soliloquy*, a sudden gust of wind carried away—*God knows where*—more than half the copy ; with a copy of “ *The Catastrophe*,” and a letter of some importance, received by the printer from a correspondent in Liverpool ; and though immediate pursuit, and diligent search, was made after these stray papers, they have not yet been found or regained— which is a singular and memorable fact, as the reader will allow, when he contemplates the *respective* subjects of the author's two papers, thus accidentally carried away, and which have been replaced by *fresh* copies from *Trim's* rough drafts.—Thus, a *catastrophe* ! which at first threatened *Trim's* peace and reputation, has been happily parried, and easily surmounted.

" feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane,——lapping
" away flies——not killing them.——'Tis a pretty pic-
" ture, said my *Uncle Toby*. She had suffered persecution,
" Trim, and had learnt mercy."——This so moved my com-
passion, that I would not have hurt one feather on his back
for the riches of PERU.——'Tis a noble lesson, said I,
and has taught me humanity.——Mac ! ! —— thou
hast yet my esteem !

THE
CATASTROPHE!*
A TALE TO THE AMBITIOUS.

A CERTAIN ambitious, headstrong, and high-minded fellow, took it into his head, that he could and would ascend the spire of a *very high church*, by the projecting stones at its angles, and which he readily accomplished; but—mark the sequel:—*At the top, as he gazed about, and looked with contempt on those below, his foot slipped, and down he came to the bottom; fortunately, however, he broke but one joint, and that was his neck.*

INFERENCE.

HAD he never gone up, he had never fall'n down; and had saved his life in at the bargain.

MORAL.

COMMON SENSE never aspires to dangerous heights, and thereby escapes such signal misfortunes; whilst the humble and the prudent ever keep her company!!!

* Vide note at the foot of *Trim's soliloquy*.

POETRY.

To the Editor of the Manchester Gazette.

Sir,

HEREWITH I send you a few Stanzas, entitled "The Captive Slave," written by a youth not yet of age; who is wholly unknown to the public, and has never before appeared, as "the Child of Fancy and the Muse." They were hastily written one evening this week, and are sent to you almost without correction. *I shall not ask you to admire them, because you cannot help it—nor ask you to insert them, because this you are bound to do, in justice to your readers.* I have only yet seen two specimens of the author's, though he has written (as I am informed) many fugitive pieces. But I am so well satisfied with these, that I cannot help pronouncing him a youth of superior promise, and likely to become a star of no mean magnitude, in this "dreary region of poetic production."—The Muse has adopted and caressed him as a favourite—and the flame of his genius is as yet untried and unknown.

I am, Sir,

Your's, as ever,

TRIM.

MANCHESTER, July 27, 1820.

The Captive Slave.

ON the hard stony pillow reclin'd, in his woe,
 Sat the Slave, far removed from his own native shore;
 The dark rolling streams of *La Plata* below,
 In slow-wafted murmurs, his sorrows deplore.

His loose-flowing locks were afloat in the air;
 And his grief-furrow'd cheeks were all haggard and pale;
 From his eyes, deeply sunk, fell the fast-flowing tear,—
 And his groanings were borne on the swift-passing gale.

The sun was now *streaking* the high-foaming wave,
 With the faint parting gleam of his fast-fading rays,
 When falt'ring his accents, the heart-broken Slave,
 Wept o'er the sad fate of his *woe-stricken* days.

Alas ! thus depriv'd of my parents so grey,
 I'm cast a poor stranger on this gloomy coast,
 To wander forlorn thro' the long weary day,—
 And start in the night at the pale, shrieking ghost.

There is naught on the beach that is lovely and dear,—
 Nor aught on the hill that is flow'ry and gay ;
 From the deep-sounding dell run the echoes of fear,
 And 'mid the lone heath shakes the wind-beaten spray.

On the verge of yon hill stands the time-riven beech ;
 Thro' its round hollow trunk, the bold winds rudely pass ;
 From the dark rocky steep the black night-raven's screech,
 While wither'd and wild bends the long-bladed grass.

On the cold silent earth as declines my sad heart,
 On the woes of the Morrow my bosom oft dwells ;
 Oft wak'd from my sleep in a breath-stealing start,
 By the tyger's loud howls, in his dark shady dells.

O ! ye Spirits ! who see the sad hours of my woe,
 By the fell hand of a'rice unjustly begot ;
 On my poor drooping bosom your mercies bestow ;
 And cut short, the long course, of my hard weeping lot !

Let my sorrows be borne on the swift-flying gale,
 To the shb'ets of my country, my parents, and kin ;
 Let its whispering accents relate the sad tale,
 While its pow'ful influence, my wishes shall win.

Oh ! soon may I view on you wide desert sea,
 The deep-cutting bark, with its loud-flutt'ring calls ;
 Oh ! how my full bosom will pant with sweet glee,
 When homeward I'm bound, by the swift-blowing gales !

J. C.

MANCHESTER, July 24, 1820.

To the Editor of the Manchester Gazette.

Mr. Editor—Sir,

JUST fancy to yourself, the form or figure of a "fellow-mortal" intoxicated with weak tea, attempting to mount the lower slopes of PARNASSUS; whilst the nine whimseis, who glide and skim about the top, in airy fancy, forbid his rude intrusion, and pelt him heartily with pebbles, as he approaches.—Then lo, and behold ! ! this same figure of a "fellow-mortal," will correspond with the likeness of TRIM, or yourself :—

" Aloft stands *Parnassus*, that mountain sublime;
 " Where poets are ever attempting to climb :—
 " But are mostly oblig'd at the bottom to hop,
 " For fear of a kick from the nag at the top.
 " The *Muses* alone can wild *Pegasus* mount,
 " Or drink of the waters of Helicon's font."

Now, Mr. Editor, though *Trim* and yourself are ill-fated of their stars, and ill-favor'd of the *Muse*, that is not the lot of every one.—A *solitary favorite* is now and then to be found; in proof of which I send you another sweet *lay*, (in broken 8's, which, by the bye, I never admired so much as the *Alexandrine measure*) entitled, " *The Old Abbey*," from the pen of J. C. the *youthful Minstrel*, whom I introduced to your notice last week; and though it be dangerous for any but an experienced jockey to bestride *Pegasus*, yet I apprehend J. C. may venture to mount, without any great alarm for his neck—as *Pegasus* is said to be purely gentle, in the hands of the *Muse*, or a *favorite*.—Well, notwithstanding all this, " a guinea is as valuable, in a *leathern* as in an *embroidered* purse; and a *cod's-head* is a *cod's-head* still, (with or without a pudding in its belly) whether in a *pewter* or a *silver* dish."—Now, Sir, as the *cod's-head* cannot possibly have any reference to *Trim's head*, or the *Editor's*, the reader may, if he please, take it to himself,—whilst I remain,

Dear Sir, your's truly,

TRIM.

MANCHESTER, August 1, 1820.

—o—

The Old Abbey.

BY the moon's soft languid ray,—
 In pensive dreams, I mus'd my way,
 To the ruin'd *Abbey's heap*—
 Which seem'd to mourn, beneath the hill;
 Where two *blighted* alders weep,—
 And mazy winds the *haunted* till.—

Here I sat, and gaz'd awhile—
 Upon this ancient Gothic pile ;
 And, many a time, mine eyes retrac'd
 The turrets rude,—which now are grac'd
 With ivy green,—whose clasping care
 Seem'd jealous of its sacred trust—
 Once so noble, now so bare,—
 Fall'n and mould'ring swift to dust :
 And the vaults, now hoary grown,—
 And the shapeless mossy stone,
 Far from its scite by rapine ta'en,
 In our Harry's* *lawless* reign ;
 And the cobwebb'd dreary cell,
 Where the *bearded father* lay,—
 Often call'd by *solemn* bell,
 To *chant* his *matin*—or to *pray* !
 And the arch's furrow'd face,—
 And the column's broken base,—
 On which are roughly carv'd, the names
 Of *ylvan* hinds, and *rustic* dames :
 While oft I heard the rustling sound,
 Of the bush-entangled boar ;
 Or the flitting winds around,
 Sweeping o'er the *broomy* moor ;—
 Or the fox's wily tread,
 O'er the mansions of the dead ;—
 Or the owl's wild, hooting cry—
 Echoing thro' the starry sky :—
 When, anon, the tinkling beat
 Of the village time-piece, near,—
 And the sound of rustic feet—
 Broke my meditations—here !

J. C.

July 28, 1820.

* Henry the 8th.

To the Editor of the Manchester Gazette.

MR. EDITOR—SIR,

AS the *Stanzas* of J. C. are this week so much the longer—the Letter of *Trim* shall be so much the shorter.—Why—because why?—such is his *humor*.—“*Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall never be disappointed.*”—This, of a truth, Mr. Editor, is *true*; and though not unlike an *Irish Benediction*, yet, as it has *truth* on its side, it is your duty to receive it *graciously*; although you should be nothing the better for either it or

TRIM.

MANCHESTER, August 8, 1820.

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## *To Ambition.*

1.

FELLEST scourge of human race!  
Dark designs and wanton guile,  
Mark the features of thy face,  
Taught to frame the treach'rous smile.

2.

Cas'd in brass of treble plait!  
Sits thy adamantine heart,  
Moves thy head in haughty state—  
Scorpion-locks thy forehead part:

## 3.

In the gloom of midnight still,  
 Circl'd round with fulgent spears,  
 Fawning minions hear thy will,—  
 And cry "TO ARMS" with deaf'ning cheers.

## 4.

Blown the trumpet's angry sound,  
 Foaming steeds the plain pass o'er;  
 Blood of heroes smokea around,  
 Widely spreads the battle's roar.

## 5.

Hissing jav'lins loudly sing ;  
 Wounded victims, falling, groan,—  
 Broken helmets clashing ring,—  
 Gales waft far the dying moan.

## 6.

Tortured ghosts forsake the sky,  
 And frequent the midnight gloom,  
 Mutter, hoarse the sullen cry,—  
 "Soon revenge shall seal thy doom."

## 7.

Proudly springs thy lawless mind,  
 O'er the wounds of treaties rais'd ;  
 By the blood of thousands signed,—  
 Midst the sleeping world amazed.

## 8.

Sighs the genius of the spring,  
 When thy slaught'rous hand again,  
 When thy vengeance, on the wing,  
 Sweeps along the mournful plain.

9.

Direful pests consume thy rage,  
 Gnawing famine, mocks thy state ;  
 Mis'ry drags thee from the stage,  
 And marks thee as the child of *hate* !

10.

Princely states, and fairest towns,  
 Smoke beneath thy conq'ring grasp,—  
 Golden sceptres, jewel'd crowns,  
 Melt within thy fiery clasp.

11.

Deeds of kings, Egyptian spires,  
 Wealth of nations, works of art,  
 Slumber 'neath the rage of fires,  
 Kindled by thy wrathful heart.

12.

Foul with blood the sacred shrines,—  
 Tempted grandeur meets her fate,  
 Where religion's genius pines,—  
 There the dæmon sits in state.

13.

Balthazar like, thy hand profane,  
 Mixes in the revel's swell,—  
 Hallowed cups from virtue's fane,  
 Lawless draughts from deepest hell !

14.

Northern seas of rocking ice,  
 Can't withstay thy Titan reach ;  
 Nor the whirlwind's frantic voice,  
 Raving on the Afric beach !

# 60

## 15.

Shrieks of woe from ghostly crowds,  
Ever haunt thy restless sleep ;  
Curtain'd with the sable shrouds,  
Of sires, whose loss their orphans weep !

## 16.

Daggers stain'd with clotted gore,  
Horrid gleam before thy eyes ;  
O'er thy couch black daemons low'r,—  
Mocking thy remorseless sighs !

## 17.

When thy bloody race is run,  
When thy brazen trumpet sleeps,  
When in darkness sets thy sun,  
And o'er thy body coldness creeps :

## 18.

Then Revenge, by Justice led,  
Bursting from the midnight gloom,  
Shall, in giant letters dread,  
Sign the warrant of thy doom.

## EPIC POEM :

*Occasioned, and composed by the author, at the age of  
17 years, on the third night after the death of the late  
Princess Charlotte of Wales.*

OF late, Britannia, on thy smiling face,  
The beams of Glory shone with peerless grace ;  
Thy splendid Cities spoke thy Country's praise,--  
And hopeful Mirth led on the circling days :--  
Thy sacred Fanes, thro' Music's voice, proclaim'd  
The Gifts of Peace--by British Councils fram'd !--  
Gay Commerce sail'd triumphant o'er thy Seas,--  
And Plenty sported on the couch of ease.--  
How chang'd the Scene ! --Ah, why yon doleful Knell ?  
Why woe and anguish in thy Cities dwell ?--  
Why sudden stops the pulse of fainting Trade ?  
Why stand thy Altars, wrapp'd in mournful shade ?--  
The Mart of Trade bespeaks an alter'd Reign,--  
And mingling Nations crowd that Mart, in vain !--  
The Merchant's will, in doubtful scales remains,--  
Nor reck's he now the view of future Gains :--  
The Lawyer, too, foregoes his half-wrought Writ,--  
No longer, Courts applaud his flippant wit !--  
The learned Gown bewails its absent Lord--  
While harden'd culprits wait his final word ;  
Untaught to raise their impious hands in pray'r,--  
No sign of shame their aspects now declare.--  
Fair Albion's Barks no streaming Pennons show,--  
But from their yards, funereal Scutcheons flow !--  
Ye weeping Fair ! why chang'd your snowy vests ?  
Why mournful crape now veil your gen'rous breasts ?--

Why tresses wave in sad dishevell'd Flows,—  
 And pensive Care sit brooding on your Brows?—  
 Ah, 'tis for Charlotte's death!—yon solemn Knell,  
 As those deep Dirges, but too sadly tell!—  
 Relentless Fate the bond of love hath broke—  
 How humbled Cobourg, at the direful stroke!—  
 Britannia saw her fondest *Hope* destroy'd—  
 That *Hope* was *Charlotte*,—and with *Charlotte* dy'd!—  
 Her wish, for fair *Augusta's* offspring, cross'd,  
 She saw her Line of future Monarchs lost;  
 While Cobourg's heart, its golden prospects flown,  
 Deep mourn'd his Consort's loss—but not her *crown*?—  
 Her virgin Soul was open as the Morn,—  
*Deceit*, her *hate*—*hypocrisy*, her *scorn*?—  
 Those widow'd eyes, whence floods of sorrow stream'd,  
 Cheer'd by her alms, with grateful Light oft beam'd!  
 And rustic Matrons, in their native phrase,  
 Rehearse her virtues, and her gifts, with praise!—  
 Nations unborn, shall on her *Portrait* dwell,  
 Her fate deplore,—and all her merits tell;  
 Instruct their rising Sons, to lisp her fame,—  
 And cherish pity—in a *Charlotte's name*!—  
 The sister Nymphs, who haunt the myrtle-grove,  
 Shall utter plaints, expressive of their love;  
 In annual Groups, shall meet—to mourn her doom,—  
 And weave immortal Garlands round her Tomb;—  
 Shall tell the passing Stranger, where She lies—  
 And snatch a tribute from his weeping Eyes!

J. C.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 9, 1817.

## A REPLY TO "TRIM,"

*On his observation in last Saturday's Gazette, that THIS was a "dreary region of Poetic production."*

SAY, sapient Trim, where dost thou dwell?

Is it in some sequester'd spot?

In some lone hermitage or cell,

Where thou art doom'd to be forgot.

Where the soft echoes of the lyre,

Ne'er thrill'd thy sense with sweet employ;

Nor where the muse doth e'er inspire

Thy bosom with poetic joy.

Is it where bleak "La Plata's" stream,

Flows dark and serpentine along;

That thou dost foster and admire

This child of Fancy, and of song?

Or is it in some barren soil,

Some "dreary region" of the Earth,

Where genius lives unknown to toil,

Alike unconscious of its birth?

Thou who dost judge of one poor Bard,

And dares the Critic's pen to brave,

Think not thy lot is doubly hard,

By mingling with the "Captive Slave."

Forbid it Heav'n—that Albion's air

Breath'd by a Campbell and a Scott,

That Byron—Rodgers—Crabbe, and Clare,

Are destin'd thus to be forgot.

That e'en Montgomery's matchless fire,  
 Should make no blaze upon the hills  
 In this "dark region"—where the lyre  
 Such pleasing melody distils.

What vot'ry of the muse depies  
 That Genius spreads a splendid ray,  
 Beneath fair Albion's peaceful skies,  
 Where Taste and Learning own its sway ?

Where Beauty captivates the heart,  
 And Virtue claims the tribute due ;  
 Where Truth and Innocence import  
 The sweets of sense and feeling too.

Forbid it Heav'n--that he who sung  
 Poor injur'd Erin's plaintive song ;  
 Or Southe'y's harp should be unstrung,  
 To whom such meeds of praise belong.

That Albion's Bards no longer breathe  
 Beneath her mild and placid skies ;  
 That fame which grac'd the laurel'd youth,  
 And now in "dreary regions" dies.

Strike—strike the chords, ye vocal throng,  
 And swell the loud and rapt'rous strain ;  
 Till Trim shall own the powers of song,  
 Then will ye warble not in vain !!!

UNCLE TOBY.

SALFORD, August 3, 1820.

FINIS.

J. Phenix, Printer, Manchester.



